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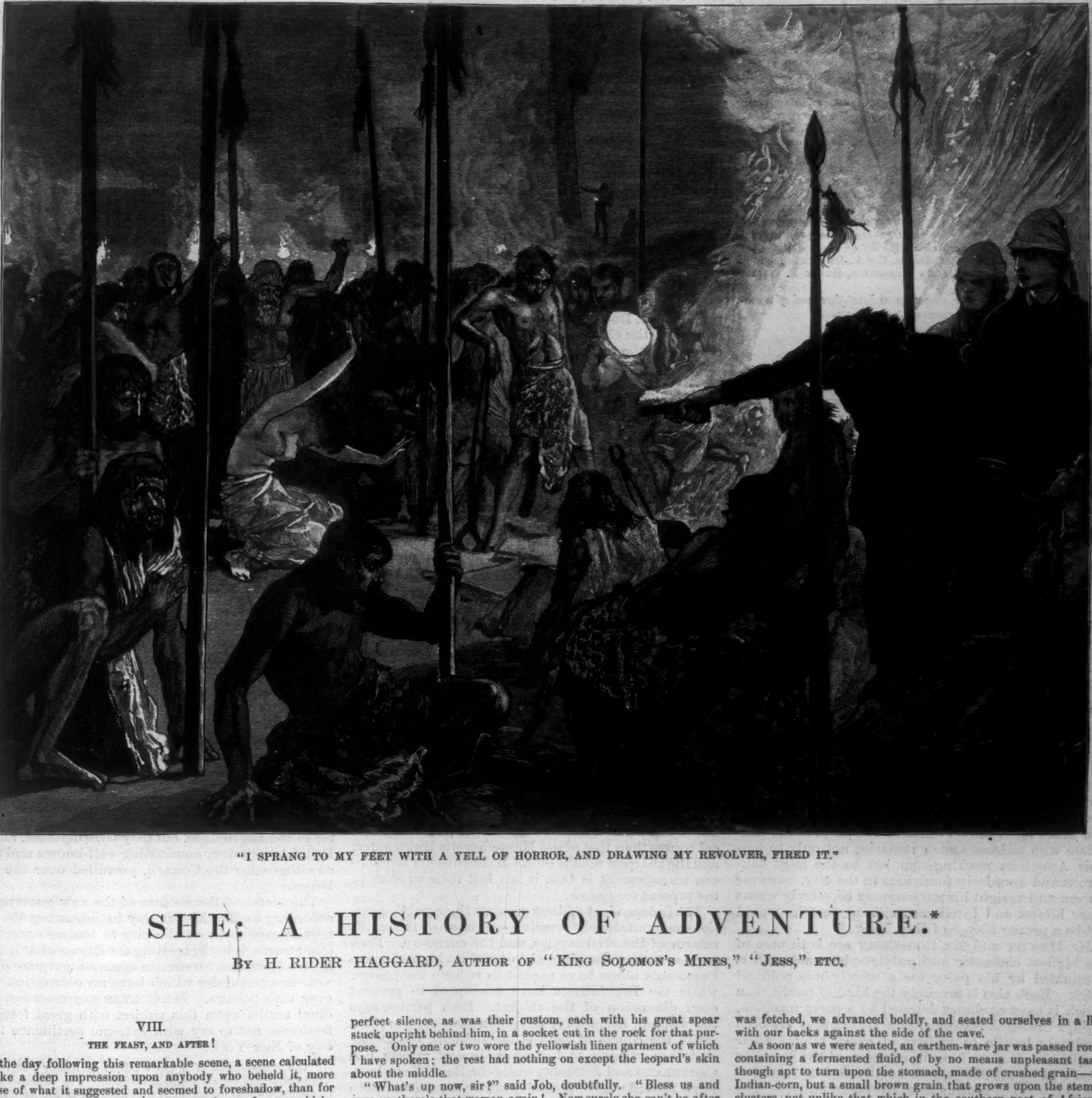

"I SPRANG TO MY FEET WITH A YELL OF HORROR, AND DRAWING MY REVOLVER, FIRED IT."

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," ETC.

VIII.

THE FEAST, AND AFTER!

ON the day following this remarkable scene, a scene calculated to make a deep impression upon anybody who beheld it, more because of what it suggested and seemed to foreshadow, than for what it revealed, it was announced to us that a feast would be held that evening in our honor. I did my best to get out of it, saying that we were modest people, and cared little for feasts, but my remarks being received with the silence of displeasure, I thought it wisest to hold my tongue.

Accordingly, just before sundown, I was informed that everything was ready, and, accompanied by Job, went into the cave, where I met Leo, who was, as usual, followed by Ustane. These two had been out walking somewhere, and knew nothing of the projected festivity till that moment. When Ustane heard of it I saw an expression of horror spring up upon her handsome features. Turning, she caught a man who was passing up the cave by the arm, and asked him something in an imperious tone. His answer seemed to reassure her a little, for she looked relieved, though far from satisfied. Next she appeared to attempt some remonstrance with the man, who was a person in authority, but he spoke angrily to her, and shook her off, and then changing his mind, led her by the arm, and sat her down between himself and another man in the circle round the fire, and I perceived that for some reason of her own she thought it best to submit.

The fire in the cave was an unusually big one that night, and in a large circle round it were gathered about thirty-five men and two women, Ustane and the woman to avoid whom Job had played the *rôle* of another Scriptural character. The men were sitting in perfect silence, as was their custom, each with his great spear stuck upright behind him, in a socket cut in the rock for that purpose. Only one or two wore the yellowish linen garment of which I have spoken; the rest had nothing on except the leopard's skin about the middle.

"What's up now, sir?" said Job, doubtfully. "Bless us and save us, there's that woman again! Now surely she can't be after me, seeing that I have given her no encouragement. They give me the creeps, the whole lot of them, and that's a fact. Why, look, they have asked Mahomed to dine, too. There, that lady of mine is talking to him in as nice and civil a way as possible. Well, I'm glad it isn't me, that's all."

We looked up, and sure enough the woman in question had risen, and was escorting the wretch Mahomed from the corner, where, overcome by some acute prescience of horror, he had been seated, shivering, and calling on Allah. He appeared unwilling enough to come, if for no other reason, perhaps, because it was an unaccustomed honor, for hitherto his food had been given to him apart. Anyway, I could see that he was in a state of great terror, for his tottering legs would scarcely support his stout, bulky form, and I think it was rather owing to the resources of barbarism behind him, in the shape of a huge Amahagger with a proportionately huge spear, than to the seduction of the lady who led him by the hand, that he consented to come at all.

"Well," I said to the others, "I don't at all like the look of things, but I suppose that we must face it out. Have you fellows got your revolvers on? because, if so, you had better see that they are loaded."

"I have, sir," said Job, tapping his Colt, "but Mr. Leo has only got his hunting knife, though that is big enough, surely."

Feeling that it would not do to wait while the missing weapon was fetched, we advanced boldly, and seated ourselves in a line, with our backs against the side of the cave.

As soon as we were seated, an earthen-ware jar was passed round containing a fermented fluid, of by no means unpleasant taste, though apt to turn upon the stomach, made of crushed grain—not Indian-corn, but a small brown grain that grows upon the stem in clusters, not unlike that which in the southern part of Africa is known by the name of Kafir-corn. The vase in which this liquid was handed round was very curious, and as it more or less resembled many hundreds of others in use among the Amahagger, I may as well describe it. These vases are of a very ancient manufacture, and of all sizes. None such can have been made in the country for hundreds, or rather thousands, of years. They are found in the rock tombs, of which I shall give a description in their proper place, and my own belief is that, after the fashion of the Egyptians, with whom the former inhabitants of this country may have had some connection, they were used to receive the viscera of the dead. Leo, however, is of the opinion that, like the Etruscan amphoræ, they were merely placed there for the spiritual use of the deceased. They are mostly two-handled, and of all sizes, some being nearly three feet in height, and running from that down to as many inches. In shape they vary, but are all exceedingly beautiful and graceful, being made of a very fine black ware, not lustrous, but slightly rough. On this groundwork were inlaid figures much more graceful and life-like than any others I have seen on antique vases. Some of these inlaid pictures represented love scenes with a child-like simplicity and freedom of manner which would not commend itself to the taste of the present day. Others again were pictures of maidens dancing, and others again were hunting scenes. For instance, the very vase

[*Continued on page 698.*]

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1554.

"Harper's Young People is a charming weekly magazine that 'puts a spirit of youth in everything.'"—*George Parsons Lathrop, in the New York Star.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number issued October 26 brings the Seventh Volume to a close.

It has been said of Harper's Young People *that it is a "model of what a periodical for young readers ought to be," and the justice of this commendation has been amply sustained by the large circulation the magazine has attained both at home and in Great Britain. This gratifying result has been reached by methods that must commend themselves to the judgment of parents no less than to the tastes of children, namely, by an earnest and well-sustained effort to provide at once the purest and most attractive reading for the young at the lowest possible price.*

Volume Eight, which commences with the issue for November 2, will contain the latter half of the serial story by Kirk Munroe *now running, entitled "The Flamingo Feather," with illustrations by* T. de Thulstrup; *a new serial by* Lucy C. Lillie, *entitled "The Colonel's Money," illustrated by* Frederic Dielman; *to be followed by a serial story for boys.*

The short stories will be contributed by William D. Howells, Frank R. Stockton, Louisa M. Alcott, H. C. Bunner, R. K. Munkittrick, Howard Pyle, John Habberton, W. O. Stoddard, Frank Converse, John R. Coryell, David Ker, Sophie Swett, Julia K. Hildreth, Sydney Dayre, Helen Hays, *and others.*

Poems may be expected from the pens of Margaret E. Sangster, Margaret Vandegrift, Mary E. Wilkins, Edgar Fawcett, G. T. Lanigan, Margaret Deland, George Cooper, Mary E. Vandyne, *and others whose work in this direction is well known and highly appreciated.*

Articles combining instruction with entertainment will be written by George Makepeace Towle, Mrs. S. B. Herrick, Sarah Cooper, Ernest Ingersoll, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, U.S.A., Professor Holder, *etc.*

In the attractive department of sports and pastimes each subject will enlist the attention of writers who treat their chosen theme from the stand point of personal experience, the list of whom contains the names of Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, U.S.A., Dr. James Dwight *(lawn-tennis)*, Kirk Munroe, John Habberton, Henry P. Wells, J. A. Hodge, Jun., *etc.*

The illustrations will be as numerous as heretofore, and of a conspicuously high standard of excellence.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 30, 1886.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE CITY ELECTION.

It is very long since the citizens of New York have had the choice of such candidates for the Mayoralty as Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Roosevelt. We except Mr. George, not because he is not also an honest and upright man, nor because a vote for him is mainly a profession of faith in certain social theories which have nothing to do with municipal administration. Doubtless he is supported by many honest men. But a candidate who is adopted as especially their own by anarchists and enemies of public order; who declares that his hearers have no rights because they have not asserted them; that his candidacy is that of working-men against rich men; that with all its drawbacks and horrors and shortcomings the French Revolution is about to repeat itself here; and that if elected Mayor he will loosen the bonds of the police and make them the servants of the people—the candidate who addresses such remarks, not only to sensible American working-men, but to the most dangerous and disorderly foreigners in the city, however sincere and upright his purpose may be, merely warns other honest and intelligent citizens that he would not be a proper Mayor of New York.

Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Roosevelt are both men of the highest character and public spirit, and each is nominated by his party for a wholly non-political office. Each also is precisely the kind of public man which is most cordially detested by a party machine, and for the same reason, which is that they are both resolutely hostile to jobbery of every kind. Their nomination is a striking illustration of the necessity which party machines occasionally feel of "pandering to the moral sentiment of the community." The good result of such "pandering" is now most obvious. Few Democrats in the city could be more distasteful to the rulers of Tammany Hall than Mr. Hewitt. He was not selected because he represented either the Tammany spirit or purpose, but because, in the actual situation arising from the existence of the County Democracy, the nomination of Mr. George, and the growing independence of action in municipal elections, success was impossible without such a candidate. He was nominated, and the good result for the community was immediate. The excellent impression upon the public mind was so pronounced that the Republican machine acquiesced at once in the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. Both candidates accepted the nomination in the true spirit. Mr. Roosevelt said that he should aim to do his best to serve the Republican party by serving the city well, and Mr. Hewitt said:

> "From the nature of this issue, and the unusual manner in which my nomination has been made, no pledges to any party or set of men have been asked, nor under any circumstances would I make any other pledge than that which I now freely give—that if elected I will discharge the duties of the office according to law to the best of my strength and ability, keeping in view the interests of the whole people, without distinction of party and class, and in strict conformity to the spirit of the legislation affecting the civil service, and the just demands of the great mass of the people for the removal of abuses which impose taxation without corresponding benefit."

The result of the enforced machine action in this instance, therefore, is one in which all good citizens can rejoice so far as this, that whether Mr. Hewitt or Mr. Roosevelt shall be elected, the city is sure of a Chief Magistrate whose administration all good citizens can undoubtedly support.

But there is one serious drawback to the situation, and that is that the vote of such citizens should be divided between two such candidates. Municipal government is not political, and the choice of Mayor should not be determined by political or partisan considerations. Consequently, when an admirable and satisfactory candidate has been nominated, the legitimate purposes of municipal government will be best attained by his united support by men of all parties who desire such government. Even if he has been nominated by a party, such general support tends more than anything else to secure his official independence, and if we are ever to raise the city government out of the range of mere party contention, the opportunity offered by such a nomination must be promptly improved. This view becomes all the stronger when, as in the present situation, a candidate has been nominated who announces that he stands as the representative of the poor against the rich. It is then of the utmost importance that the issue raised by such a candidacy should be met directly, and not confused by personal or partisan considerations. The very fact that two such excellent candidates as Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Roosevelt are proposed increases the chance of the election of a Mayor who would be acceptable to the friends of neither of those gentlemen.

THE MASSACHUSETTS INDEPENDENT ADDRESS.

The address of the Independent voters in Massachusetts, stating the reasons of their support of John F. Andrew, the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, and of certain Democratic candidates for Congress, is a very significant document, and one which will greatly impress intelligent Republicans by the force of its statements, the sobriety and moderation of its tone, and the character of the names attached to it. The alienation of such a representative body of citizens from any party is a very serious event for the party, but the reasons of the alienation are still more suggestive. The Independent movement is not a "sore-head" bolt, or the revenge of disappointed personal ambition. On the contrary, the road to the gratification of ambition lay not in bolting, but in quiet acquiescence. This was shown by the course of some conspicuous Republicans who were in complete sympathy with the Mugwumps, but who were also very desirous of political promotion, and who therefore postponed independence until a more convenient season. Had Mr. Andrew accepted the muzzle and yoke to which others submitted he could have gone to Congress. But, as he said, "the price is too high," and the Democratic nomination which he has now received was entirely unsought by him. There was never a more unselfish and patriotic political course than that of the Massachusetts Mugwumps, and the sharpest rebuke of the Massachusetts Republican management is that it has lost their support in the present campaign.

The Independent address presents three public questions as immediately pressing—revision of the tariff, reform of the civil service, and the currency. Both parties, it says, are pledged to tariff revision; but the Democrats alone have sought to redeem the pledge, while the Republicans have attempted to prevent even discussion of the subject. Both parties, says the address, declare for administrative reform; but while the course of each is inconsistent, the Democrats are turning to honest leaders of reform like Cleveland and Andrew, while the Republican leaning is toward men of proved hostility to reform. Both parties in Massachusetts, the address says, agree in opposing a debased currency. The Democratic Administration has taken the highest ground upon the subject, and should be supported. But beyond all questions of administration the address finds the Republican party engaged in rivalries for place, not with a view to the public benefit, but to personal advantage, while the Democratic party selected for the Presidency a candidate who had proved that he regarded public office as a public trust, and bravely and sincerely, amid enormous difficulties, has endeavored to administer his great office in that spirit. All citizens, says the address, who believe this are bound to show their approval by their votes, and they are equally bound to censure by their votes politicians who, instead of honestly applauding and sustaining honest endeavor, sneer and carp and oppose, and seem "not to rejoice that their country is governed well, but to regret that it is not suffering all the evils which they predicted, in order that its misfortunes might pave the way for their return to power."

This document and the movement for which it speaks are very important signs of the political situation. It does not seem to us to imply, nor do we suppose that all who sign it intend to say, that it would be best for Independent voters everywhere under existing circumstances to identify themselves with the Democratic party, even with the hope and aim of influencing its action. As things now are, the Independent voter is more influential while unattached. But this strong and calm statement of the address will be deeply pondered. As against its view appear Mr. Blaine's speeches in Pennsylvania. They forecast his platform it 1888—a high tariff, and an appeal to Northern feeling against the alleged suppression of the colored vote, and consequent pauperization of colored labor in the Southern States in immediate rivalry with Northern labor. But whatever force there may be in these issues as stated by Mr. Blaine, they will not be strong enough to carry into the Presidency any candidate to whom the same kind of objection exists as to the candidate of 1884. Except upon Mr. Logan's fantastic theory, it cannot be held seriously that the course of the Republican party since Mr. Cleveland's election has strengthened it, nor, on the other hand, that events and the course of the President have weakened Democratic prospects.

LIGHT FROM NASHVILLE.

The city of Nashville, in Tennessee, has adopted a municipal policy which from its admirable results is well worthy of general attention. The story is well told by Mr. A. S. Colyar, of Nashville, in the October number of the *Southern Bivouac*. Until three years ago the city was governed upon the ward system—a system which pushes local government to an absurd extreme, but which is common in many villages. It divides the municipal area into small sections, just large enough to be "worked" successfully by small men in the usual venal way. The representative of each ward is taken from the ward, and "works" for the ward, not for the city. In Nashville there were two municipal Houses, of forty-two members in all, elected by wards. "When a man made up his mind to be a professional politician," says Mr. Colyar, "he established a grocery in the ward, or had a friend do it, and with one year's work his election to the City Council was assured over the best man in the world." The result was a city government of small "bosses," which became intolerable.

A City Relief Association of 2100 members was formed, which prepared a charter abolishing the two Houses, and creating a City Council of ten, to serve without salary. This Council was to be elected upon a general ticket, and was empowered to enact ordinances for the government of the city, and to elect a Board of Public Works composed of three men, in whose hands the entire business of the city was placed. The members of the Board were to devote themselves exclusively to its duties, and were each to receive a yearly salary of $4000. As the duties of the Council would require very little time, it was believed, as the result proved, that thoroughly competent men could be induced to serve, and that the salary of the members of the Board of Public Works would secure equally fit men, which also proved, happily, to be the fact. The ward politicians fought the proposed charter in the Legislature, but they were defeated, and the Relief Association, nominating well-known and trusted citizens for the Council, prevailed over the ward bosses.

The secret of the success of the new government, according to Mr. Colyar, lay in intrusting the business management of the city to business men. In other words, it lay in treating the city as what it really is—a corporation for certain common purposes of convenience and order which have no connection whatever with politics. Mr. Colyar expresses some cardinal truths upon this subject with great force and freshness, not to say with extreme pertinence to the city of New York:

> "The management of a city's affairs is simply business, and ward politicians cannot transact business. The experience of all our cities, without exception, is that ward politicians have no more fitness for the business to be transacted by a city than pirates would have for holding religious service. It may be set down as a fact that a gang of ward politicians could not run a hen-house."

He specifies some of the good results of the new system after three years' trial:

> "Taxes have been reduced, streets have been well paved, the Fire Department has been greatly improved, a magnificent bridge across the Cumberland has been built, water-works have been undertaken, the bank account is all right, the city bonds have gone above par, and what is unusual, the people pay their taxes cheerfully, knowing the money will be usefully expended."

As Mr. Colyar truly says, city government is a trust of a purely business character, and the sooner this truth is generally perceived, the sooner city government everywhere will become more honest, economical, and efficient. Nothing could illustrate more plainly the comical confusion of the party mind upon this subject than the recent attempt to make the election of Mayor of New York turn upon the question of protection—an attempt which ended when all the candidates were found to be in different degrees revenue reformers. To argue that a free-trade candidate for the Mayoralty should be opposed by a protectionist is as wise as to hold that if one candidate for a Greek professorship has no ear for music, he ought to be opposed by another candidate who is color-blind. What is wanted in a Greek professor is a thorough knowledge of the language, a gift for teaching, and urbane manners. If the question were of a candidate for Congress, his objection to a heavy tax upon the raw material of manufactures would be a legitimate reason for the opposition of those who approve such taxes. But the Mayor of New York has no more to do with regulating the tariff than with cleaning the Bunker Hill Monument. What is wanted in the Mayoralty is great experience, sound judgment, knowledge of municipal affairs, administrative ability, inflexible honesty, and courage.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE completion of the symbolic statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and its due commemoration, are events of great interest and significance. If the day should be fair—one of the mellow, genial, delightful days of late October—which may be justly anticipated, the spectacle will be very imposing. Great preparations have been made for an aquatic pageant which ought to be more striking than any which the waters of the bay have ever seen, and as Senator EVARTS is the chairman of the American committee and Mr. DEPEW is the orator of the day, there can be no doubt that the most fitting words will be most eloquently spoken, and that the significance of the work and the circumstances of the gift will be adequately and memorably set forth. The original suggestion of such a monument came from France, and although the statue is not the gift of France as a government, it is especially the gift of French citizenship, and illustrates the survival of the old amity which was warmly cherished by our fathers, while the statue itself commemorates a timely succor of men and money without which the success of the Revolutionary struggle would have been seriously delayed.

There is, of course, and there has always been, a great deal of sentimentality in the talk about the friendship of France for the colonies, and sentimentality is unreal. Nations, as such, have little actual friendship for each other, although in the United States the ties of direct descent from England produce a common feeling, based upon traditions of blood, of race, of language, and of civil and religious institutions, which binds the two nations as no other nations are bound together. France undoubtedly aided the colonies not from friendship for colonial revolutionists, but from hatred of England. The actual feeling was plainly shown subsequently in negotiating the treaty of peace at Versailles, when France did her utmost to cripple the young nation. But it is no less true that the French aid was actual and most serviceable and opportune, that the French episode is one of the pleasantest chapters of the Revolution, and that France, personified in LAFAYETTE, was very dear to the old Continentals, whom the British redcoats and the Indians of BURGOYNE had thoroughly alienated from England.

This is the feeling which the great statue recognizes and perpetuates. Without analyzing the facts in detail, it commemorates an actual and triumphant alliance, which resulted in American independence. France, the youngest, offers this gift to the greatest of republics, in token of the fact that her aid gives her a part, and makes it in a certain sense a common grandeur. The essential truth of the symbolic figure no American, at least, will deny. American liberty has enlightened the world, and its light was never steadier and purer than at this moment. May the day and every omen which attends the celebration of the completed statue be auspicious!

MR. SWIFT'S REPORT.

THE careful and detailed report of Mr. L. B. SWIFT in regard to the violation of the civil service law and regulations by office-holders in Indiana was of a character not to be disregarded, and it is announced that the President has sent a copy of the charges to every inculpated officer, asking an explanation. There is always a very natural and proper desire for peremptory Executive action in all such cases, and a very sharp taunting of the President if the statement of the alleged offence is not followed the next day by a notice of punishment. But the President has the responsibility of removal, and he certainly should not remove without satisfactory evidence, which is much more difficult to obtain than vehement assertion of wrong-doing. Mr. SWIFT, with the highest public spirit, has made patient and careful and detailed study of the situation in Indiana. With the most friendly disposition toward the President, he has sought only facts, and he presents names and dates and affidavits drawn up in an array which commands that attention from an Executive of good faith which it has received.

It is such statements, made with no personal or political motive, but from the highest regard to sound principles of the public service, that are of real weight. The reports of official delinquency constantly published by party organs for a party purpose are properly distrusted, and they may be properly disregarded until they are presented in a form which shows them to be the serious charges of good citizens, made in the public interest, and not the mere allegation of partisan opposition, in which case the just presumption is against their truthfulness. One of the first cases of minor removal under this Administration was declared to be a wanton and arbitrary and cruel exercise of power, and the alleged damaging facts were set forth at length to kindle party hostility to the Administration. It was, nevertheless, to all who knew the facts, one of the most justifiable of removals. Yet undoubtedly the statement as published, and the fact that the dismissed officer was not instantly replaced, seriously discredited in many honest minds the good faith of the Administration. Official conduct cannot be fairly judged by the allegations of a hostile public press. We naturally look to such a press for arguments against the policy of an Administration, and criticism of the reasons upon which its friends rest their support of it. But statements of its wrong conduct in any individual instance of appointment or removal must be received with the closest scrutiny.

There have been undoubtedly many instances of flagrant violation of the President's circular order in regard to the interference of office-holders in politics. There is no doubt that the Executive has had such cases under consideration, and we think that there is no doubt that action will be taken in representative and signal instances. Should we be mistaken, we should not hesitate to express our own disappointment at what would seem to us to be a serious injury to the cause of reform, as certainly it would be to the Administration itself. There is no doubt that the friends of reform in Indiana and in Maryland have had reason for dissatisfaction. They have seen appointments made which they could not reconcile with sound principles or with their confidence in Executive fidelity to such principles, and their disappointment has been great. There may have been satisfactory explanations in each case, but such explanations have not been made public. Yet the general course of the Executive has been such as to create a strong favorable presumption in any case where all the circumstances are not known. Notwithstanding local disappointment and signal instances, it is impossible to deny that very great progress has been made in enforcing reform. Senator INGALLS, of Kansas, one of the most ardent Republican advocates of the old spoils system, said in a recent interview that before leaving Washington he saw the President, and told him that he should watch closely the course of every office-holder in Kansas during the election campaign, and report his conduct to the President. The President said that he should be glad to see such a report, that he meant just what he said, and "that he would promptly remove any one violating his orders." There is no good reason to doubt that he will make such removals as will secure general obedience, and also that he will make them only when the evidence is satisfactory.

SENATOR HAWLEY.

THE election of a Senator from Connecticut is locally an affair which concerns that State alone; but the whole country is properly concerned with the character of the Senate of the United States. And no Senator, in unbending integrity, high public spirit, general intelligence, and ready ability, with great public experience, is superior to Senator HAWLEY, who is a candidate for re-election.

In the campaign of 1884 Senator HAWLEY's advocacy of Mr. BLAINE's election was surprising, because if a sense of party obligation held him to the support of the candidate, a silent vote was the course naturally expected of those Republicans, like Senator EDMUNDS, with whom Senator HAWLEY was supposed to be in sympathy. But, as Senator EDMUNDS has himself said, Senator HAWLEY took his course without the least suspicion, and his defeat for re-election to the Senate, and the substitution of W. H. BARNUM for JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, would be regarded by Mugwumps as well as other good citizens as a serious public misfortune.

The Senate is becoming too much an assembly of rich men and of men not known as eminent public leaders. It is exposed, moreover, to the constant assaults of a powerful and unscrupulous and insidious lobby. Among the Senators who are absolutely impervious to every form of solicitation, whom jobbers instinctively avoid and detest, Senator HAWLEY is conspicuous. He is a strong partisan, but he is sturdily honest where honesty is essential; he was the champion of the Civil Service Reform Bill, and his defeat would be a loss to the country as well as to Connecticut.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL POLITICS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL politics, in other words, honesty and decency in politics, are having their turn in the city of New York. The nomination, with whatever purpose upon the part of the political machines, of two such candidates for the Mayoralty as Mr. HEWITT and Mr. ROOSEVELT, and the arrest and indictment of JAEHNE and some of the boodle Aldermen, with the flight of others, are now followed by the arrest of SHARP, RICHMOND, and FOSHAY, charged with bribing the Aldermen—an arrest which would hardly have been made without such evidence as will probably lead to their conviction.

The laws against bribery at elections and bribery of public officers have been generally ineffective, because of the difficulty of procuring evidence. But the illicit use of money in politics, and on the largest scale, is a perfectly familiar fact. At the late Republican Convention in the First Congressional District of New York a prominent Republican from Suffolk, Mr. E. A. CARPENTER, proposed that no Republican nomination should be made, on the ground that the district is Democratic, and that if Mr. PERRY BELMONT, the Democratic candidate, were compelled to make an active canvass, he would flood the district with money, which would result in the election of Democratic Assemblymen as well as of a Democratic Representative in Congress.

Whether the allegation were true or not, the incident is a striking illustration of the general understanding that white votes are bought in the Northern States as colored votes are declared to be suppressed in Southern States. Sending the bribers and the bribed of all kinds and degrees to the State-prison will be a corrective procedure which the most contemptuous enemy of Sunday-school politics can understand. In fact, the Sunday-school has every reason to be proud of the present political situation in the city.

PERSONAL.

IN a recent essay Mr. W. H. MALLOCK writes: "Could moral science, as at present taught, be shown to the world to depend on theologic religion, instead of being opposed to or independent of it, the principles of theologic religion would be in a fair way to reassert themselves, and would probably obtain by-and-by a new verdict in their favor from the intellectual jury of mankind." Mr. MALLOCK will be interested to learn that an American painter, Mr. GEORGE INNESS, has written a philosophic essay to demonstrate that moral science is dependent on theologic religion, and not independent of it. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. INNESS read his essay in his impassioned manner hope that he will publish it.

—Among the treasures of Mr. GEORGE KEMP's Persian drawing-room is a selection of porcelains from Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN's collection, arranged by that artist so as to set forth to advantage their gamut of color.

—The writer of this paragraph saw the bride of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition a few minutes before her public marriage in the Exposition Building. She had just succeeded in forcing her way through a large crowd at the entrance gates, and though leaning on the arm of her husband-elect, looked very flustered. Her white satin gown and tulle veil had been adjusted satisfactorily, but her countenance was disturbed, and the people who followed her to the verge of a private office before the ceremony had taken place were disposed to jest. She was successfully married, however, a few minutes later, in the presence of ten thousand spectators, and her wedding presents included a long list of useful articles, contributed by the exhibitors at the fair and by the managers thereof.

—Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER's handsome Moorish pavilion, which commands a view of twenty miles of the Hudson River to the north, and of its mouth and New York Bay to the south, with the Palisades directly in front, is closed for the season. Its hangings, lamps, and elaborate mural decorations are all Moorish.

—Mr. F. S. CHURCH will soon ask some of his fellow-painters to organize for the protection of the copyright of their paintings. Several leading architects, who are tired of seeing their designs appropriated and reproduced, would gladly accept an invitation to co-operate with the painters in this business of self-preservation.

—Mr. P. D. ARMOUR, the great Chicago packer, against whom the strike at the stock-yards in that city was waged, is a native of New York, and was educated at Casenovia Seminary. He is a portly man, whose side whiskers give breadth to his face, and whose possessions are estimated at $20,000,000.

—The great Pi Eta Society of Harvard College, which has been a power in the class-day elections for some years past, has been pushed aside this year by the small but aristocratic Hasty Pudding, which has gained all the members of the class committee, and some other important officers.

—Professor TRUMAN H. SAFFORD, the astronomer, says that he prefers to study science in French above all other languages, although he finds great exactitude in the Russian also.

—Large numbers of his former parishioners at Park Street Church have been attending Mr. W. H. H. MURRAY's Adirondack lectures in Boston, and there is talk of recalling him, if he should desire to resume preaching.

—Mr. WHITELAW REID's new house, built by Mr. HENRY VILLARD several years ago at a cost of $500,000, exclusive of the ground, is believed to be unique in the wealth of sculpture, wood-carving, mosaic, and inlaid-work used in its interior decoration. In some respects it is much more lavish in finish than the late Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT's house.

—A New York broker just returned from a visit to the battle-fields of Virginia brings back a trophy of mournful interest—the mouldy cap of a Confederate soldier, perforated by the bullet that struck him in the top of the head as he was leaning over the breast-works of a rifle-pit. For twenty-two years the cap had lain on the ground, until found by a farmer who was ploughing the soil.

—Mr. F. H. HALL, of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, is an excellent Sanscrit scholar, and speaks French, German, Italian, and Norwegian fluently.

—Bishop MCLAREN, of the Episcopal Church, who is popular with all denominations, was in earlier days a newspaper reporter, serving several years on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, and afterward as city editor of the paper, when he was a co-worker with Artemus Ward, to whom the Bishop frequently refers in terms of praise.

—WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, General Manager of the Western Associated Press, whose home is in Chicago, although his business head-quarters are in New York, has just returned from a European trip of four months. Mr. SMITH's special pride is a herd of Jersey cattle.

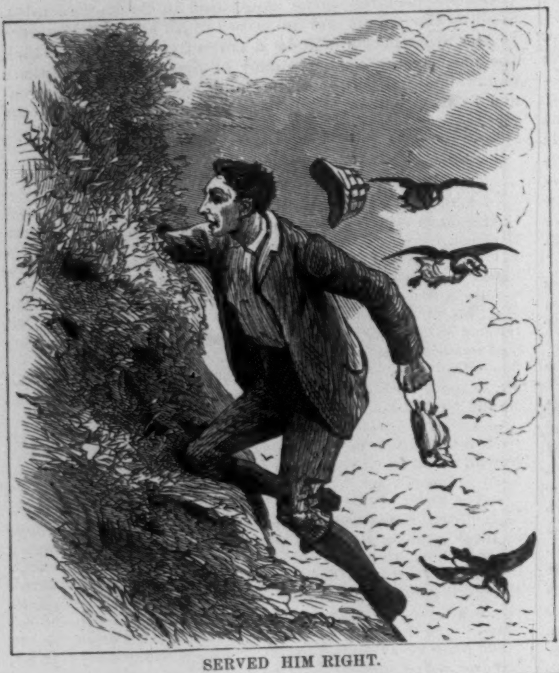
—Mr. MOSES KIMBALL, proprietor of the Boston Museum, began business in a small way as a dealer in men's furnishing goods, and is now rich. In person he resembles the late Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS, and except that he is not so tall, and wears his hair short, the likeness would be striking.

—Mr. FRANCIS PARKMAN the historian has been for a considerable time a victim to insomnia, but his summer spent in camps among the woods of Maine and of the Adirondacks appears to have benefited him.

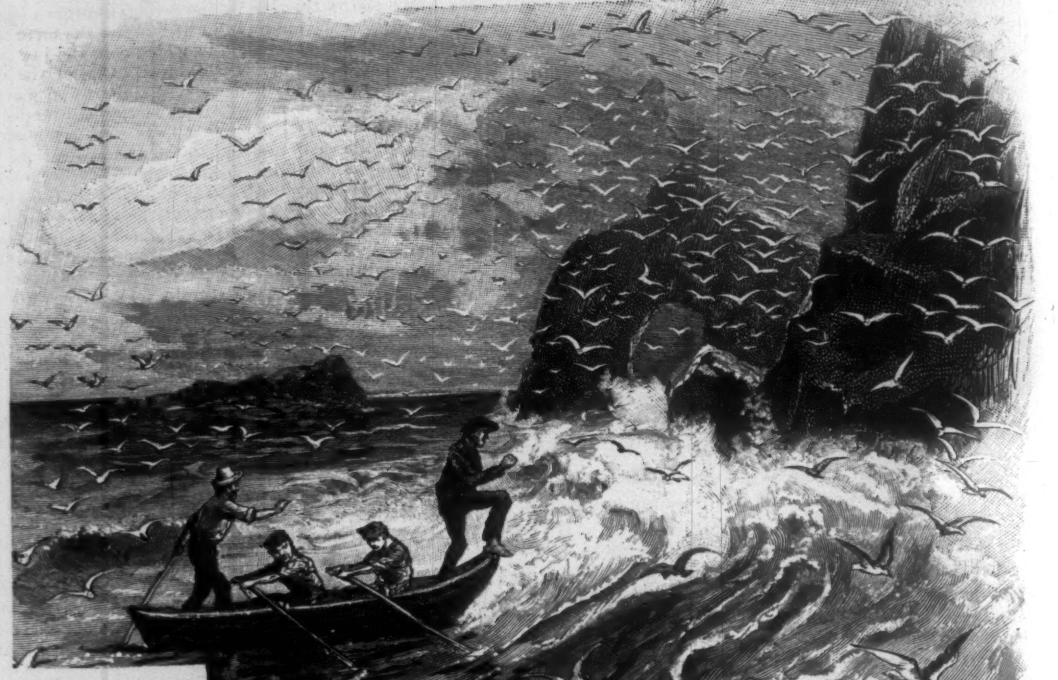
—Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY says that he shall probably decline all requests from American publishers, on the modest ground that his present addresses are neither so studied nor so numerous as to demand republication in book form after the elaborate newspaper reports.

—An esteemed Philadelphia contemporary quotes from HARPER'S WEEKLY a paragraph concerning the successful career of Miss NELLIE EVEREST, of that city, who has recently returned home from a course of musical study abroad, and adds: "Perhaps we violate confidence when we say that Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the philanthropist, is the patron and friend of this sweet girl. He has borne her expenses, and is more than repaid by her dutiful conduct and progress in art. This is but one of a hundred of Mr. CHILDS's benefactions."

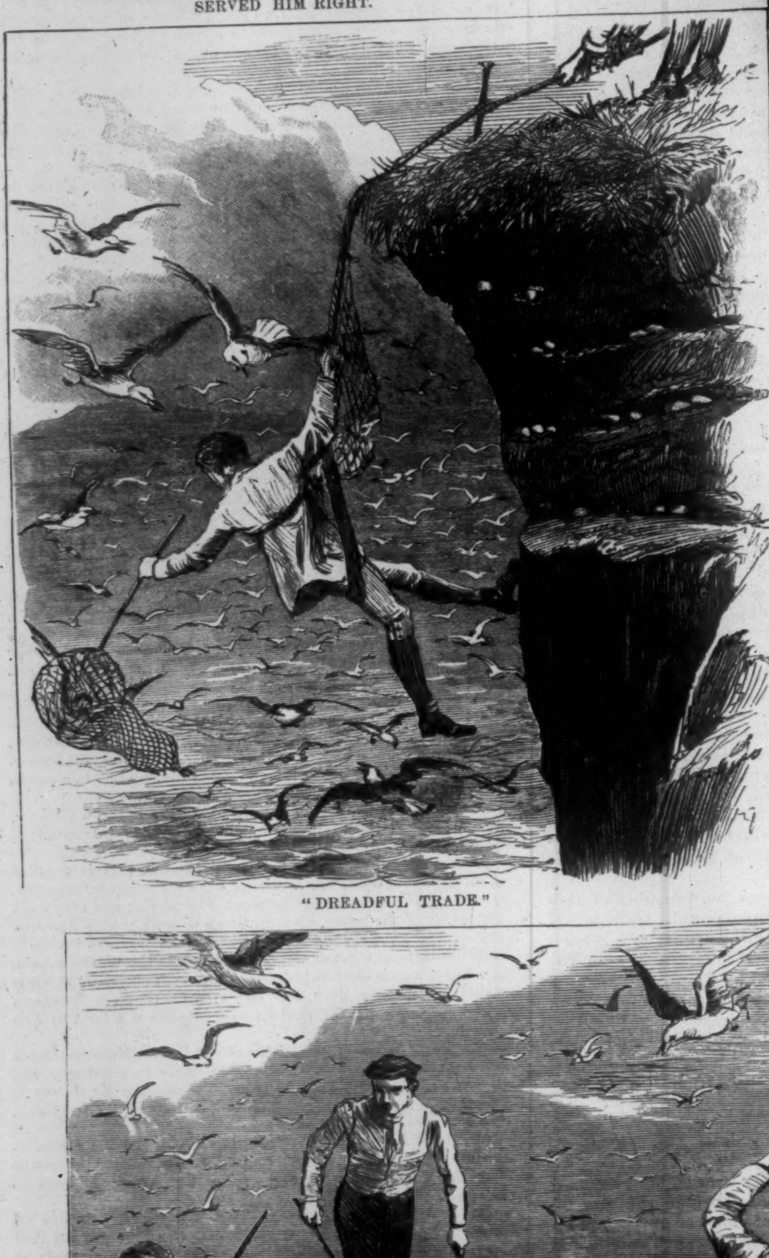
—Mr. C. S. REINHART the artist spent last summer on the Normandy coast, then took a trip to Switzerland, and is soon to return to Normandy. For seven years his head-quarters have been in Paris, his visit to America last year having been only temporary, for the purpose of collaborating with Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in the production of "Their Pilgrimage." Mr. REINHART is now picturing the Swiss in the midst of their mountains, with a MS. of Mr. HOWELLS's in his pocket. An unfinished oil-painting, containing eight or ten life-size figures, awaits his return to Normandy, where he hopes to complete it out-doors before the cold weather sets in. The subject is an episode in the lives of the French fishermen, who will appear on canvas under the light of their own sky, and not in the chastened environment of a studio. Their rude faces will be bronzed by the sun and scarred by the storm.



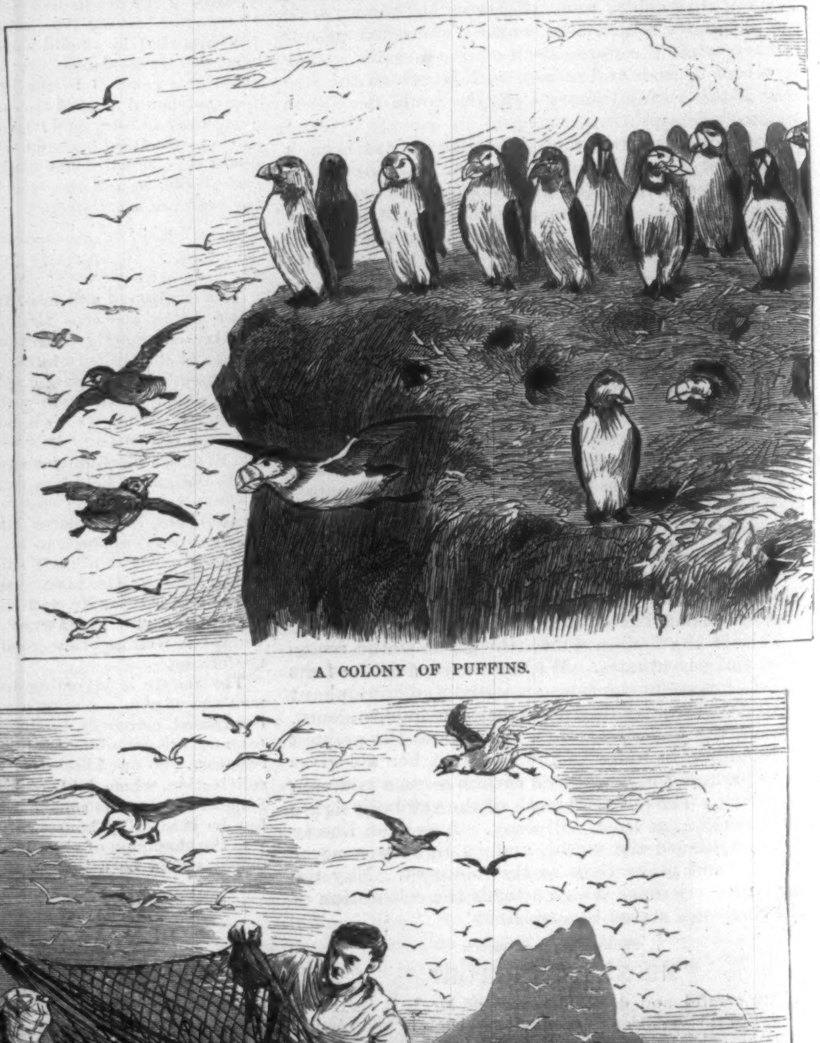
SERVED HIM RIGHT.



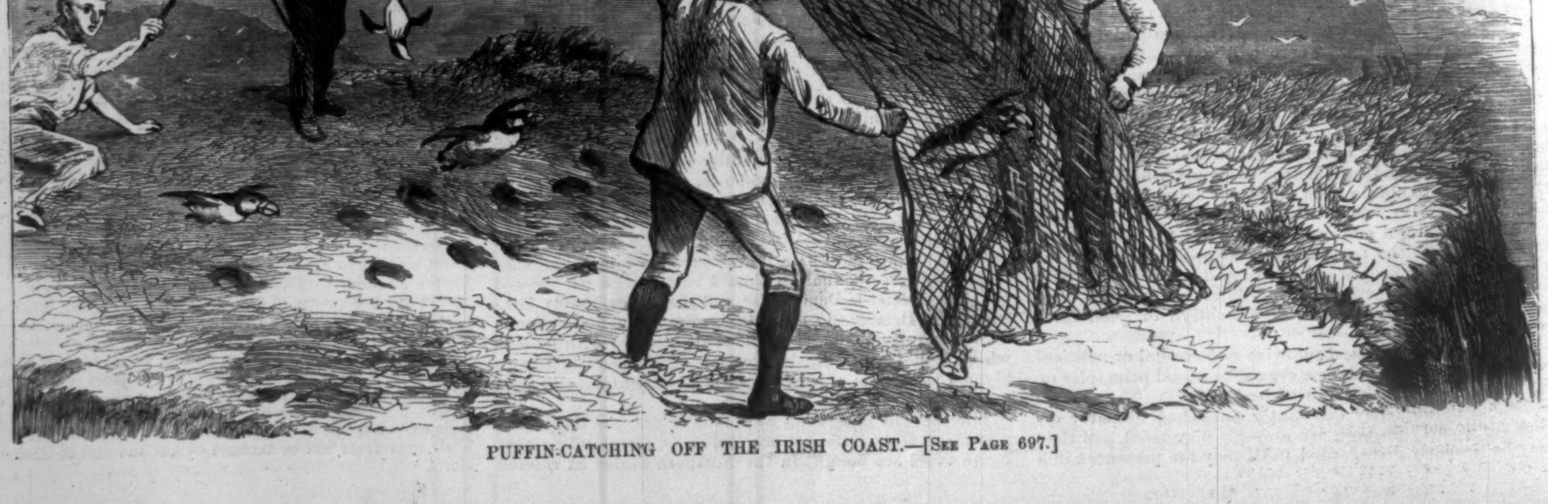
A HAZARDOUS LANDING.



"DREADFUL TRADE."



A COLONY OF PUFFINS.



PUFFIN-CATCHING OFF THE IRISH COAST.—[See Page 697.]

A USEFUL MONUMENT.

The beautiful structure illustrated below has been erected by Mr. William A. Slater, of Norwich, in commemoration of his father, the late John F. Slater.

It is now more than four years since Mr. Slater senior devoted a fund of $1,000,000 to the education of freedmen. He died May 7, 1884, little more than two years after he had made his great gift, having seen the wise and far-reaching plans for the distribution of the income of the fund well matured. Among the home institutions in which Mr. Slater had a special interest was the Norwich Free Academy, of which he was one of the original corporators, and to which he gave at different times more than fifteen thousand dollars. The new building is designed to supplement the work of the Free Academy, and at the same time to contribute to the intellectual advantage of the community at large. It is a stately structure of brick and brown sandstone resting upon a foundation of Monson granite. Its dimensions on the ground are 150 feet by 68 feet, and the height of its round tower is 145 feet. It contains on the lower floor a large hall for public lectures and for anniversary occasions, and two smaller halls, or lecture-rooms, which, when desired, can be thrown into the large hall, increasing its capacity to a total of 1000 persons.

The second and third stories are occupied by a magnificent Museum Hall—one of the finest interiors in the country—by an exquisite Library-room, to which the valuable library of the Academy has been transferred, and by two class-rooms.

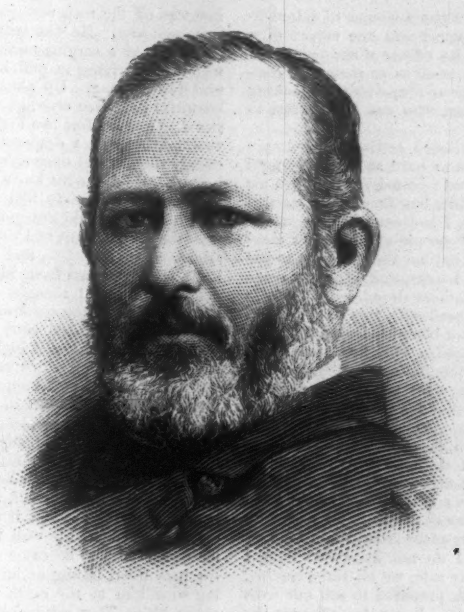
The walls of the exterior, throughout their whole extent, are faced with pressed brick and terra-cotta. The materials used in finishing the interior are hard wood and marble. As respects solidity of construction and beauty of finish, the Memorial Building is unsurpassed in New England.

The Library and the Museum Hall merit a more extended description. The former has a doubly arched ceiling of cherry, a beautiful terra-cotta fireplace and mantel, and low bookcases of cherry. There is at present accommodation for 5000 volumes, and the shelf-room can easily be increased. The windows are so arranged that the light comes from above, and the impression made upon one who enters the room is singularly calming and delightful. The Museum Hall is a lofty room forty-seven feet in height, and a gallery eighteen feet wide, accessible by four flights of steps, runs around its four sides.

The architect of the Slater Building is Stephen C. Earle, of Worcester, and the contractors were the Flyat Building and Construction Company, of Palmer, Massachusetts. The cost has been about $150,000. The building is to be formally transferred to the Free Academy on the 4th of November, when the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the Academy is to be celebrated. One of the addresses on that occasion is to be delivered by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, a native of Norwich, and it is hoped that many friends of secondary and higher education will be present.

PUFFIN-CATCHING.

The puffins whose capture is illustrated on the opposite page inhabited a group of rocks off the west coast of Ireland. Innumerable other puffins and birds of their kind swarm upon all the rocky coasts of Great Britain. The puffin is a member of a great bird family which is at home in the arctic circle. Auk is the generic name. The true auk, it is recorded, rarely quits its frigid surroundings. It is a bird of the sea, and only when breeding does it forsake the water. Its wings do not seem to have been intended to fly with, but to serve as paddles or oars to assist the webbed feet of the bird in propelling it through the water. So swift a swimmer is the auk of the arctic seas that it has been known to beat a ship's boat manned by six strong rowers.


COMMODORE GHERARDI, U.S.N.

The black-billed auk is a variety that is common both in the far North and about the British and neighboring coasts. The Esquimaux look to it for food and clothing, and during the breeding season it swarms in the northern latitudes in such numbers that the Esquimaux are rarely disappointed. On the British and Irish coasts it inhabits the rocks, sitting in interminable rows, one above another, along the ledges, and looking astonishingly stupid. This variety of auk has wings which it can fly with, but which it uses also as paddles, after the fashion of the true auk of the icy seas. In color it is dark along the back and white beneath. Its beak is perhaps its most striking feature. It is a massive beak, very long and broad, with a hook at the end, and a tooth-like process along its mandibles which enables it to take a firm hold upon the elusive fishes which are its prey. The black-billed auk bears also the name of "razor-bill," which is a name intended to suggest the beak's broad and trenchant shape.

A third variety of this bird is the Labrador auk, which is the puffin. The puffin is a good deal like its brothers; it is dark above and white below, with a black collar about its neck, yellow legs, and a beak that begins by being gray and ends in an overwhelming scarlet. It stops in the British isles during the summer, when it breeds, and toward winter it departs with its young for Spain and the south of France. It chases the rabbit out of its burrow, which it uses as the depository of the single egg it lays. This egg is of a size out of all proportion to the size of the puffin itself. Nobody seeing a puffin's egg would believe that anything smaller than a swan could result from it, whereas a puffin is only twelve inches long; but it must be remembered that the egg which contains a puffin contains also a puffin's beak. Notwithstanding, however, that the puffin is only one foot in length, it is a very brave and pugnacious bird, and particularly during the breeding season it is not altogether a pleasant business to interfere with it. The experience of the expedition whose work forms the subject of our illustration demonstrated the fact that fingers must bleed freely when puffins are to be netted. Several of the puffins caught by this expedition are on exhibition in the fish-house of the Zoological Gardens in London, and very singular-looking and interesting birds they are.

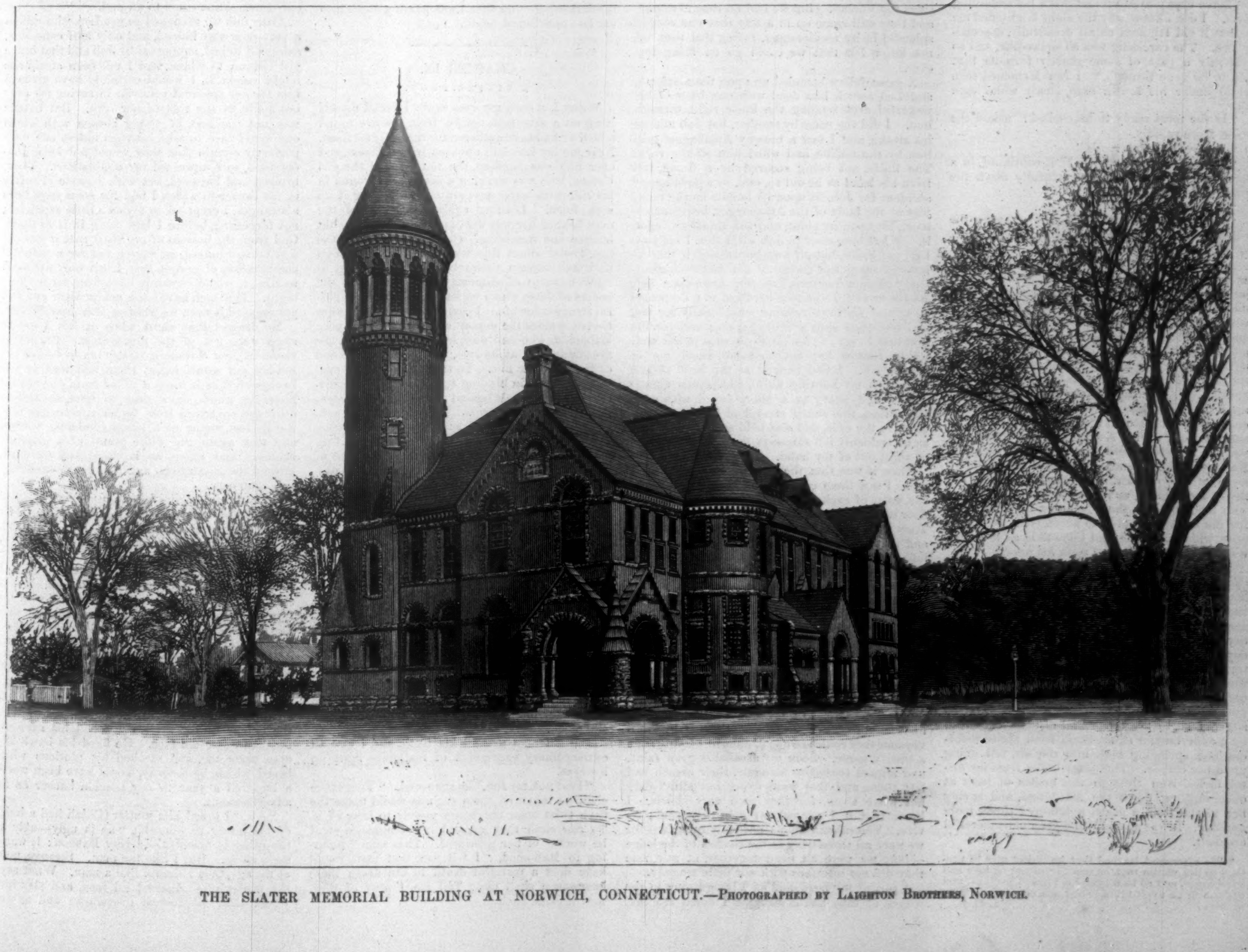
COMMODORE GHERARDI.

The Brooklyn Navy-yard has an importance among naval stations such as might be inferred from its position at the commercial centre of the New World, and the Department recognizes this fact in habitually selecting to take charge of it officers of well-attested capacity and experience. The late commandant of the yard, Commodore (now Rear-Admiral) Ralph Chandler, was transferred to the charge of the Asiatic Station on his recent promotion. He has now been succeeded at Brooklyn by Commodore Bancroft Gherardi.

Born in Louisiana November 10, 1832, Commodore Gherardi entered the navy from Massachusetts in the summer of 1846, during the Mexican war, as Midshipman, before he had completed his fourteenth year. He was attached for about four years to the frigate *Ohio*, of the Pacific Squadron, then to the steam-sloop *Saranac*, of the Home Squadron, and then, according to the custom of those days—the reverse of the present—having been half a dozen years at sea, entered the Naval Academy in 1852. He was made a Passed Midshipman that year, a Master in 1855, and was commissioned as Lieutenant in that year.

The outbreak of the civil war found Lieutenant Gherardi attached to the *Lancaster*, of the Pacific Squadron. Returning to the Atlantic coast, he was made a Lieutenant-Commander in 1862, and took part in the bombardment of Fort Macon that year. Next he commanded successively the steamers *Chocura* and *Port Royal*, in the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, in 1863 and 1864. In the latter vessel he took part in the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, under Farragut. Captain Thornton A. Jenkins, commanding the *Richmond*, thus speaks of his conduct on that occasion: "The *Port Royal* was lashed on the port side of this vessel. . . . To Lieutenant-Commander Gherardi I am greatly indebted for his cool and courageous conduct." He adds that all his directions to the helmsman of the *Richmond* and to the officer at the engine bell were seconded by Gherardi on the *Port Royal* with a promptness and coolness "that could not but excite my admiration." During the course of the action Gherardi, by the orders of Jenkins, cast off his vessel and went in chase of the enemy's wooden gun-boats *Morgan*, *Gaines*, and *Selma*. Later in the war he commanded the *Pequot*.

In 1866 he was promoted to be Commander, and in 1874 was commissioned as Captain, while he reached his present grade November 3, 1884. During the twenty years since the end of the war he has performed duties commensurate with his various grades, the *Jamestown*, *Pensacola*, and *Lancaster* being among the vessels he has commanded, while for a time he had charge of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia. Commodore Gherardi is a fine-looking, dignified officer.


THE SLATER MEMORIAL BUILDING AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.—Photographed by Laighton Brothers, Norwich.

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

from which we were now drinking had on one side a most spirited drawing of men, apparently white in color, attacking a bull-elephant with spears, while on the reverse was a picture, not quite so well done, of a hunter shooting an arrow at a running antelope, I should say from the look of it either an eland or a koodoo.

This is a digression at a critical moment, but it is not too long for the occasion, for the occasion itself was very long. With the exception of the periodical passing of the vase, and the movement necessary to throw fuel on to the fire, nothing happened for the best part of a whole hour. Nobody spoke a word. There we all sat in perfect silence, staring at the glare and glow of the large fire, and at the shadows thrown by the flickering earthern-ware lamps (which, by-the-way, were not ancient). On the open space between us and the fire lay a large wooden tray, with four short handles to it, exactly like a butcher's tray, only not hollowed out. By the side of the tray was a great pair of long-handled iron pincers, and on the other side of the fire was a similar pair. Somehow I did not at all like the appearance of the tray and the accompanying pincers. There I sat and stared at them and at the silent circle of the fierce moody faces of the men, and reflected that it was all very awful, and that we were absolutely in the power of this alarming people, who, to me at any rate, were all the more formidable because their true character was still very much of a mystery to us. They might be better than I thought them, or they might be worse. I feared that they were worse, and I was not wrong. It was a curious sort of a feast, I reflected, in appearance—indeed, an entertainment of the Barmecide stamp, for there was absolutely nothing to eat.

At last, just as I was beginning to feel as though I were being mesmerized, a move was made. Without the slightest warning, a man from the other side of the circle called out in a loud voice:

"Where is the flesh that we shall eat?"

Thereon everybody in the circle answered in a deep measured tone, and stretching out the right arm toward the fire as they spoke,

"*The flesh will come.*"

"Is it a goat?" said the same man.

"*It is a goat without horns, and more than a goat, and we shall slay it,*" they answered with one voice, and turning half round, they one and all grasped the handles of their spears with the right hand, and then simultaneously let them go.

"Is it an ox?" said the man again.

"*It is an ox without horns, and more than an ox, and we shall slay it,*" was the answer, and again the spears were grasped, and again let go.

Then came a pause, and I noticed, with horror and a rising of the hair, that the woman next to Mahomed began to fondle him, patting his cheeks, and calling him by names of endearment, while her fierce eyes played up and down his trembling form. I don't know why the sight frightened me so, but it did frighten us all dreadfully, especially Leo. The caressing was so snake-like, and so evidently a part of some ghastly formula that had to be gone through.* I saw Mahomed turn white under his brown skin, sickly white with fear.

"Is the meat ready to be cooked?" asked the voice, more rapidly.

"*It is ready; it is ready.*"

"Is the pot hot to cook it?" it continued, in a sort of scream that echoed painfully down the great recesses of the cave.

"*It is hot; it is hot.*"

"Great heavens!" roared Leo, "remember the writing, '*The people who put pots upon the heads of strangers.*'"

As he said the words, before we could stir, or even take the matter in, two great ruffians jumped up, and seizing the long pincers, plunged them into the heart of the fire, and the woman who had been caressing Mahomed suddenly produced a fibre noose from under her girdle, or moocha, and slipping it over his shoulders, ran it tight, while the men next him seized him by the legs. The two men with the pincers gave a heave, and scattering the fire this way and that upon the rocky floor, lifted from it a large earthen-ware pot, heated to a white heat. In an instant, almost with a single movement, they had reached the spot where Mahomed was struggling. He fought like a fiend, shrieking in the abandonment of his despair, and notwithstanding the noose round him, and the efforts of the men who held his legs, the advancing wretches were for the moment unable to accomplish their purpose, which, horrible and incredible as it seems, was *to put the red-hot pot upon his head.*

I sprang to my feet with a yell of horror, and drawing my revolver, fired it by a sort of instinct straight at the diabolical woman who had been caressing Mahomed, and was now gripping him in her arms. The bullet struck her in the back and killed her, and to this day I am glad that it did, for, as it afterward transpired, she had availed herself of the anthropophagous customs of the Amahagger to organize the whole thing in revenge of the slight put upon her by Job. She fell dead, and as she did so, to my terror and dismay, Mahomed, by a superhuman effort, burst from his tormentors, and springing high into the air, fell dying upon her corpse. The heavy bullet from my pistol had driven through the bodies of both at once, striking down the murderess, and saving her victim from a death a hundred times more horrible. It was an awful and yet a most merciful accident.

For a moment there was a silence of astonishment. They had never heard the report of a fire-arm before, and its effects dismayed them. But the next a man close to us recovered himself, and seized his spear preparatory to making a lunge with it at Leo, who was the nearest to him.

"Run for it!" I hollooed, setting the example by going up the cave as hard as my legs would carry me. I would have bolted for the open air if it had been possible, but there were men in the way, and besides, I had caught sight of the forms of a crowd of people standing out clear against the sky line beyond the entrance to the cave. Up the cave I went, and after me came the others, and after them thundered the whole crowd of cannibals, mad with fury at the death of the woman. With a bound I cleared the prostrate form of Mahomed. As I flew over him I felt the heat from the red-hot pot, which was lying close by, strike upon my legs, and by its glow saw his hands—for he was not quite dead—still feebly moving. At the top of the cave was a little platform of rock three feet or so high by about eight deep, on which two large lamps were placed at night. Whether this platform had been left as a seat, or as a raised point afterward to be cut away when it had served its purpose as a standing-place from which to carry on the excavations, I do not know—at least I did not then. At any rate, we all three reached it, and jumping on it, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as we could. For a few minutes the crowd that was pressing on our heels hung back when they saw us face round upon them. Job was on one side of the rock to the left, Leo in the centre, and I to the right. Behind us were the lamps. Leo bent forward and looked down the long lane of shadows, terminated in the fire and lighted lamps, through which the quiet forms of our would-be murderers flitted to and fro, with the faint light glinting on their spears, for even their fury was silent as a bull-dog's. The only other thing visible was the red-hot pot still glowing angrily in the gloom. There was a curious light in Leo's eyes, and his handsome face was set like a stone. In his right hand was his heavy hunting knife. He shifted its thong a little up his wrist, and then put his arm round me and gave me a good hug.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said, "my dear friend—my more than father. We have no chance against those scoundrels; they will finish us in a few minutes, and eat us afterward, I suppose. Good-by. I led you into this. I hope you will forgive me. Good-by, Job."

"God's will be done," I said, setting my teeth, as I prepared for the end. At that moment, with an exclamation, Job lifted his revolver and fired, and hit a man—not the man he had aimed at, by-the-way: anything that Job shot *at* was perfectly safe.

On they came with a rush, and I fired too as fast as I could, and checked them—between us, Job and I killed or mortally wounded five men with our pistols before they were emptied, besides the woman. But we had no time to reload, and they still came on in a way that was almost splendid in its recklessness, seeing that they did not know but that we could go on firing forever.

A great fellow bounded up upon the platform, and Leo struck him dead with one blow of his powerful arm, sending the knife right through him. I did the same by another, but Job missed his stroke, and I saw a brawny Amahagger grip him by the middle and whirl him off the rock. The knife, not being secured by a thong, fell from his hand as he did so, and, by a most happy accident for Job, lit upon its handle on the rock, just as the body of the Amahagger, being undermost, hit upon its point, and was transfixed upon it. What happened to Job after that I am sure I do not know, but my own impression is that he lay still upon the corpse of his deceased assailant, "playing 'possum," as the Americans say. As for myself, I was soon involved in a desperate encounter with two ruffians, who, luckily for me, had left their spears behind them; and for the first time in my life the great physical power with which Nature has endowed me stood me in good stead. I had hacked at the head of one man with my hunting knife, which was almost as big and heavy as a short sword, with such vigor that the sharp steel had split his skull down to the eyes, and was held so fast by it that as he suddenly fell sideways the knife was twisted right out of my hand.

Then it was that the two others sprung upon me. I saw them coming, and got an arm round the waist of each, and down we all fell upon the floor of the cave together, rolling over and over. They were strong men, but I was mad with rage, and that awful lust for slaughter which will creep into the hearts of the most civilized of us when blows are flying, and life and death tremble on the turn. My arms were round the two swarthy demons, and I hugged them till I heard their ribs crack and crunch up beneath my grip. They twisted and writhed like snakes, and clawed and battered at me with their fists, but I held on. Lying on my back there, so that their bodies should protect me from spear-thrusts from above, I slowly crushed the life out of them, and as I did so, strange as it may seem, I thought of what the amiable Head of my College at Cambridge and my brother Fellows would say if by clairvoyance they could see me, of all men, playing such a bloody game. Soon my assailants grew faint, and almost ceased to struggle, their breath had left them, and they were dying, but still I dare not leave them, for they died very slowly. I knew that if I relaxed my grip they would revive. The other ruffians probably thought—for we were all three lying in the shadow of the ledge—that we were all dead together, at any rate they did not interfere with our little tragedy.

I turned my head, and as I lay gasping in the throes of that awful struggle I could see that Leo was off the rock now, for the lamp-light fell full upon him. He was still on his feet, but in the centre of a surging mass of struggling men, who were striving to pull him down as wolves pull down a stag. Up above them towered his beautiful pale face crowned with its bright curls (for Leo was six feet two high), and I saw that he was fighting with a desperate abandonment and energy that was at once splendid and hideous to behold. He drove his knife through one man—they were so close to him and mixed up with him that they could not get at him to kill him with their big spears, and they had no knives or sticks. The man fell, and then somehow the knife was wrenched from his hand, leaving him defenceless, and I thought the end had come. But no; with a desperate effort he broke loose from them, seized the body of the man he had just slain, and lifting it high in the air, hurled it right at the mob of his assailants, so that the shock and weight of it swept some five or six of them to the earth. But in a minute they were all up again, except one, whose skull was smashed, and had once more fastened upon him. And then slowly, and with infinite labor and struggling, the wolves bore the lion down. Once even then he recovered himself, and felled an Amahagger with his fist, but it was more than man could do to hold his own for long against so many, and at last he came crashing down upon the rock floor, falling as an oak falls, and bearing with him to the earth all those who clung about him. They gripped him by his arms and legs, and then cleared off his body.

"A spear," cried a voice—"a spear to cut his throat, and a vessel to catch his blood."

I shut my eyes, for I saw the man coming with a spear, and myself, I could not stir to Leo's help, for I was growing weak, and the two men on me were not yet dead, and a deadly sickness overcame me.

Then suddenly there was a disturbance, and involuntarily I opened my eyes again, and looked toward the scene of murder. The girl Ustane had suddenly thrown herself on the top of Leo's prostrate form, covering his body with her body, and fastening her arms about his neck. They tried to drag her from him, but she twisted her legs round his, and hung on like a bull-dog, or rather like a creeper to a tree, and they could not. Then they tried to stab him in the side without hurting her, but somehow she shielded him, and he was only wounded.

At last they lost patience.

"Drive the spear through the man and the woman together," said a voice, the same voice that had asked the questions at that ghastly feast, "so of a verity shall they be wed."

Then I saw the man with the weapon straighten himself for the effort. I saw the cold steel gleam on high, and once more I shut my eyes.

As I did so—I heard a voice of a man thunder out in tones that rang and echoed down the rocky ways—

"*Cease!*"

Then I fainted, and as I did so it flashed through my darkening mind that I was passing down into the last oblivion of death.

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE FOOT.

When I opened my eyes again I found myself lying on a skin mat, not far from the fire round which we had been gathered for the dreadful feast. Near me lay Leo, still apparently in a swoon, and over him was bending the tall form of the girl Ustane, who was washing a deep spear wound in his side with water preparatory to binding it up with linen. Leaning against the wall of the cave behind her was Job, apparently unhurt, but bruised and trembling. On the other side of the fire, tossed about this way and that, as though they had thrown themselves down to sleep in some moment of absolute exhaustion, were the bodies of those whom we had killed in our frightful struggle for life. I counted them: there were twelve, besides the woman and the corpse of poor Mahomed, who had died by my hand, which, the fire-stained pot at its side, was placed at the end of the irregular line. To the left, a body of men were engaged in binding the arms of the survivors of the cannibals behind them, and then fastening them two and two. The villains were submitting with a look of sulky indifference upon their faces that accorded ill with the baffled fury that gleamed in their sombre eyes. In front of these men, directing the operations, stood no other than our friend Billali, looking rather tired, but particularly patriarchal with his flowing beard, and as cool and unconcerned as though he were superintending the cutting up of an ox.

Presently he turned, and perceiving that I was sitting up, advanced to me, and with the utmost courtesy said that he trusted that I felt better. I answered that at present I scarcely knew how I felt, except that I ached all over.

Then he bent down and examined Leo's wound. "It's a nasty cut," he said, "but the spear has not pierced the entrails. He will recover."

"Thanks to your arrival, my father," I answered. "In another minute we should all have been beyond the reach of recovery, for those devils of yours would have slain us as they would have slain our servant," and I pointed toward Mahomed.

The old man ground his teeth, and I saw an extraordinary expression of malignity light up his eyes.

"Fear not, my son," he answered. "Vengeance shall be taken on them such as would make the flesh twist upon the bones merely to hear of it. To *She* shall they go, and her vengeance shall be worthy of her greatness. That man," pointing to Mahomed, "I tell you that man would have died a merciful death to the death these hyena-men shall die. Tell me, I pray of thee, how it came about."

In a few words I sketched what had happened.

"Ah, so," he answered. "Thou seest, my son, here there is a custom that if a stranger comes into this country he may be slain 'by the pot,' and eaten."

"It is hospitality turned upside down," I answered, feebly. "In our country we entertain a stranger, and give him food to eat. Here ye eat him, and are entertained."

"It is a custom," he answered, with a shrug. "Myself I think it an evil one; but then," he added, by an after-thought, "I do not like the taste of strangers, especially after they have wandered through the swamps and lived on wild-fowl. When *She-who-must-be-obeyed* sent orders that ye were to be saved, she said naught of the black man; therefore, being hyenas, these men lusted after his flesh, and the woman it was whom thou didst rightly slay who put it into their evil hearts to hot-pot him. Well, they will have their reward. Better for them would it be if they had never seen the light than that they should stand before *She* in her terrible anger. Happy are those of them that died by your hands.

"Ah," he went on, "it was a gallant fight that ye fought. Knowest thou that thou, long-armed old Baboon that thou art, hast crushed in the ribs of those two who are laid out there as though they were but as the shell on an egg? And the young one, the lion, it was a beautiful fight that he made—one against so many—three did he slay outright, and that one there," and he pointed to a body that was still moving a little, "will die anon, for his head is cracked across, and others of those who are bound are hurt. It was a gallant fight, and ye and he have made a friend of me by it, for I love to see a well-fought fray. But tell me, my son, the Baboon—and now I think of it thy face, too, is hairy, and altogether like a baboon's—how was it that ye slew those with a hole in them? Ye made a noise, they say, and slew them—they fell down on their faces at the noise!"

I explained to him as well as I could, but very shortly—I was terribly wearied, and only persuaded to talk at all through fear of offending one so powerful if I refused to do so—what were the properties of gunpowder, and he instantly suggested that I should illustrate what I said by operating on the person of one of the prisoners. One, he said, never would be missed, and it would not only be very interesting to him, but would give me an opportunity of an instalment of revenge. He was greatly astounded when I told him that it was not our custom to avenge ourselves in cold blood, and that we left vengeance to the law and a higher Power, of which he knew nothing. I added, however, that when I recovered I would take him out shooting with us, and he should kill an animal for himself, and at this he was as pleased as a child at the promise of a new toy.

Just then Leo opened his eyes beneath the stimulus of some brandy (of which we still had a little) that Job had poured down his throat, and our conversation came to an end.

After this we managed to get Leo, who was in a very poor way indeed, and only half conscious, safely off to bed, supported by Job and that brave girl Ustane, to whom, had I not been afraid she might resent it, I would certainly have given a kiss for her splendid behavior in saving my dear boy's life at the risk of her own. But Ustane was not the sort of young person with whom one would care to take liberties unless one were perfectly certain that they would not be misunderstood, so I repressed my inclinations. Then, bruised and battered, but with a sense of safety in my breast to which I had for some days been a stranger, I crept off to my own little sepulchre, not forgetting before I laid down in it to thank God from the bottom of my heart that it was not a sepulchre indeed, as, were it not for a merciful combination of events, that I can only attribute to Him, it would certainly have been for me that night. Few men have been nearer their end and yet escaped it than we were on that dreadful day.

My dreams that night when at last I got to sleep were not of the pleasantest. The awful vision of poor Mahomed struggling to escape the red-hot pot would haunt them, and then in the background, as it were, a veiled form was always hovering, which, from time to time, seemed to draw the coverings from its body, revealing now the perfect shape of a lovely blooming woman, and now again the white bones of a grinning skeleton, and which, as it veiled and unveiled, uttered the mysterious and apparently meaningless sentence:

"*That which is alive hath known death, and that which is dead yet can never die, for in the Circle of the Spirit life is naught and death is naught. Yea, all things live forever, though at times they sleep and are forgotten.*"

The morning came at last, but when it came I found that I was too stiff and sore to rise. About seven Job arrived, limping terribly, and with his face the color of a rotten apple, and told me that Leo had slept fairly, but was very weak. Two hours afterward Billali (Job called him "Billy-goat," to which, indeed, his white beard gave him some resemblance, or, more familiarly, "Billy") came too, bearing a lamp in his hand, his towering form reaching nearly to the roof of the little chamber. I pretended to be asleep, and through the cracks of my eyelids watched his sardonic but handsome old face. He fixed his hawk-like eyes upon me, and stroked his glorious white beard, which, by-the-way, would have been worth a hundred a year to any London barber as an advertisement.

"Ah!" I heard him mutter (Billali had a habit of muttering to himself), "he is ugly—ugly as the other is beautiful—a very Baboon: it was a good name. But I like the man. Strange, now, at my age, that I should like a man. What says the proverb?—'Mistrust all men, and slay him whom thou mistrustest overmuch; and as for women, flee from them, for they are evil, and in the end will destroy thee.' It is a good proverb, especially the last part: I think it must have come down from the ancients. Nevertheless I like this Baboon, and I wonder where they taught him his tricks, and I trust that *She* will not bewitch him. Poor Baboon! he must be wearied after that fight. I will go lest I should awake him."

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* We afterward learned that its object was to pretend to the victim that he was the object of love and admiration, and so to soothe his injured feelings, and cause him to expire in a happy and contented frame of mind. L. H. H.

I waited till he had turned, and was nearly through the entrance, walking softly on tiptoe, and then I called after him.

"My father," I said, "is it thou?"

"Yes, my son, it is I; but let me not disturb thee. I did but come to see how thou didst fare, and to tell thee that those who would have slain thee, my Baboon, are by now well on their road to *She*. *She* said that ye were to come also at once, but I fear ye cannot yet."

"Nay," I said, "not till we have recovered a little; but have me borne out into the daylight, I pray thee, my father. I like not this place."

"Ah, no," he answered; "it hath a sad air. I remember when I was a boy I found the body of a fair woman lying where you lie now, yes, on that very bench. She was so beautiful that I used to creep in here with a lamp and gaze upon her. Had it not been for her cold hands, almost could I think that she slept, and would one day awake, so fair and peaceful was she in her robe of white. White was she too, and her hair was yellow, and lay down her almost to the feet. There are many such still in the tombs at the place where *She* is, for those who set them there had a way I know naught of, of keeping their beloved out of the crumbling hand of Decay, even when Death had slain them. Ay, day by day I came hither, and gazed on her, till at last—laugh not at me, stranger, for I was but a silly lad—I learnt to love that dead form, that shell that once had held a life that no more is. I would creep up to her and kiss her cold face, and wonder how many men had lived and died since she was, and who had loved her and embraced her in the days that long had passed away. And, my Baboon, I think I learnt wisdom from that dead one, for of a truth it taught me of the littleness of life, and the length of Death, and how all things that are under the sun go down one path, and are forever forgotten. And so I mused, and it seemed to me that wisdom flowed into me from that dead one, till one day my mother, a watchful woman, but hasty-minded, seeing I was changed, followed me, and saw the beautiful white one, and feared I was bewitched, as, indeed, I was. So half in fear, and half in anger, she took the lamp, and standing the dead one up against the wall there, set fire to her hair, and she burnt fiercely, even down to the feet, for those who are thus kept burn excellently well. See, my son, there on the roof is yet the smoke of her burning."

I looked up doubtfully, and there, sure enough, on the roof of the sepulchre was a peculiarly unctuous and sooty mark, three feet or more across. Doubtless it had in the course of years been rubbed off the sides of the little cave, but on the roof it remained, and there was no mistaking its appearance.

"She burnt," he went on, in a meditative way, "even to the feet, but the feet I came back and saved, cutting the burnt bone from them, and hid them under the stone bench there, wrapped up in a piece of linen. Surely, I remember it as though it were but yesterday. Perchance they are there, if none have found them, even to this hour. Of a truth I have not entered this chamber from that time to this very day. Stay, I will look," and kneeling down, he groped about with his long arm in the recess under the stone bench. Presently his face brightened, and with an exclamation he pulled something forth that was caked in dust, which he shook on to the floor. It was covered with the remains of a rotting rag, which he undid, and revealed to my astonished gaze a beautifully shaped and almost white woman's foot, looking as fresh and as firm as though it had been placed there yesterday.

"Thou seest, my son, the Baboon," he said, in a sad voice, "I spake the truth to thee, for here is yet one foot remaining. Take it, my son, and gaze upon it."

I took this cold fragment of mortality in my hand, and looked at it in the light of the lamp with feelings which I cannot describe, so mixed up were they between astonishment, fear, and fascination. It was light, much lighter I should say than it had been in the living state, and the flesh to all appearance was still flesh, though about it there clung a faintly aromatic odor. For the rest, it was not shrunk or shrivelled, or even black and unsightly, like the flesh of Egyptian mummies, but plump and fair, and, except where it had been slightly burnt, perfect as on the day of death—a very triumph of embalming.

Poor little foot! I set it down upon the stone bench where it had lain for so many thousand years, and wondered whose was the beauty that it had upborne through the pomp and pageantry of a forgotten civilization—first as a merry child's, then as a blushing maid's, and lastly as a perfect woman's. Through what halls of life had its soft step echoed, and in the end, with what courage had it trodden down the dusty ways of death! To whose side had it stolen in the hush of night when the black slave slept upon the marble floor, and who had listened for its stealing? Shapely little foot! Well might it have been set upon the proud neck of a conqueror bent at last to woman's beauty, and well might the lips of nobles and of kings have been pressed upon its jewelled whiteness!

I wrapped up this relic of the past in the remnants of the old linen rag, which had evidently formed a portion of its owner's grave-clothes, for it was partially burnt, and put it away in my Gladstone bag, which I had bought at the Army and Navy Stores—a strange combination, I thought. Then with Billali's help I staggered off to see Leo. I found him dreadfully bruised, worse even than myself, perhaps owing to the excessive whiteness of his skin, and faint and weak with the loss of blood from the flesh-wound in his side, but, for all that, cheerful as a cricket, and asking for some breakfast. Job and Ustane got him on to the bottom, or rather the sacking, of a litter, which was removed from its pole for that purpose, and carried him out into the shade at the mouth of the cave, from which, by-the-way, every trace of the slaughter of the previous night had now been removed, and there we all breakfasted, and indeed spent that day and most of the two following ones.

On the third morning Job and myself were practically recovered. Leo also was so much better that I yielded to Billali's often expressed entreaty, and agreed to start at once upon our journey to Kôr, which we were told was the name of the place where the mysterious *She* lived, though I still feared for its effects upon Leo, and especially lest the motion should cause his wound, which was scarcely skinned over, to break open again. Indeed, had it not been for Billali's evident anxiety to get off, which led us to suspect that some difficulty or danger might threaten us if we did not comply with it, I would not have consented to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK VOTERS.

The peculiar trait in the misgovernment of cities is that a very large majority of the citizens are always in favor of good government. They would never vote for the incompetent or the criminal official if they had the choice. They would naturally select a mayor or an alderman who would faithfully perform the duties of his office; who would have no desire to plunder the city or tarnish its good name; who would care for the health of the people, repress crime, and shrink with disdain from every project of disreputable gain. The majority of the voters of every city is opposed to extravagance, and hates fraud, because on the voters falls the cost of every corrupt contract, every needless waste of money, every theft from the public treasury.

Of the 220,000 voters of the city of New York at least 180,000 are in favor of good laws and just government. The remainder probably include all the criminal classes, the office-seekers, those who vote from sectarian motives, from bribes, from intimidation or favor. Of the honest voters some are led away by the name of party, some by prejudice and friendship, most by a complete ignorance of the effect of the votes they give. They know nothing of the candidates or their purposes or their characters. Nothing is cast so inconsiderately as the ballot: at least if we read the history of our city for thirty years, we must conclude that for thirty years the majority has never controlled it. The majority is composed of respectable working-men who wish, for the sake of their wives and children, to see the officials they select do their duty; of clerks who, living on moderate salaries, scarcely wish to be robbed in taxes and rent; of professional men who in general desire good government; of traders large and small who depend upon the security given them of life and property for their profits. But it is absurd to suppose that any of this class of voters can have known, in the past thirty years, for whom or for what they voted. They have put into office too often criminals and thieves. On this point there can be no doubt; the recent records of our courts prove the fact; the story of the city from the days of Tweed only makes it plainer.

If every voter of New York would remember that the ballot he casts will probably cost him a large sum of money if he votes for a dishonest candidate, he must pause—he must see that this is a kind of extravagance he cannot afford. He can never afford to pay tribute to corrupt office holders or seekers, or waste the money that is to maintain his family in taxes and rent. Yet this is exactly what he has been doing in New York for many a year. He has paid his annual tribute to the Tweeds and officials of that class as regularly as in any despotism. The great mass of the honest voters have given their votes for dishonest men. To vote hastily is the most absurd extravagance. It is to put thieves and corrupt men in office, and stint one's family or one's self to pay for their defalcations.

The painful revelations in the courts recently only enforce the necessity of some immediate change. The criminal classes have evidently gained the control of our politicians. The secrets of our city politics have only been partly disclosed, yet proof enough appears to show the fearful immorality that has tainted for many years our city rulers. The commonest rules of honesty and good conduct are unknown to them. Even apparently reputable men have consented to associate with thieves, and dealers in stolen goods have filled our highest offices, and this has happened, not by the will of the people, but against it. The majority has not been suffered to rule, or its members have been so careless of their own money or their own welfare as to vote at the direction of others. The streets, the wharves, and the drainage are neglected, and swell the death rate. The schools are overcrowded because there is no money to provide seats for the children. Only the official plunderers flourish, until they are found out.

The chief problem in modern politics, therefore, is how to instruct and unite the majority in one good end. No doubt this will be done in the future by an early training in politics. But at least it would seem wise to learn from the enemy the most effective tactics, and to form a plan of union. A league for the public good, with clubs and branches in every ward, would rouse the working classes to care for their own interests, and bring out the honest vote.

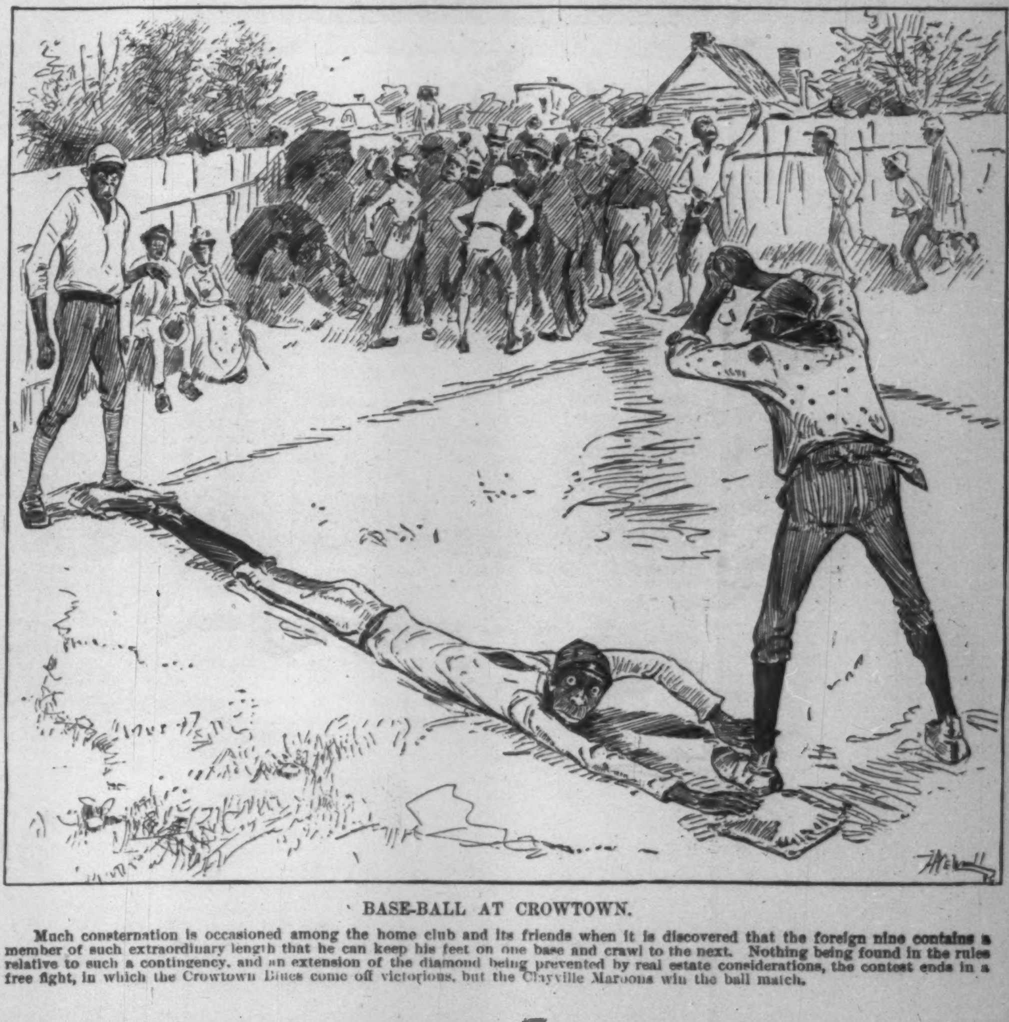
EUGENE LAWRENCE.

FELLING THE CALIFORNIA RED-WOODS.

"Now she takes it! Keep claar!" shouted Jim Lane, a muscular Sonoma "bull-whacker," in warning to the group of wood-choppers in the red-wood forest at the northern end of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, as the death-rattle of a California giant was heard. After hours of under-cutting and cross-sawing, they had cut through all but one and a half inches of the monstrous trunk, fifteen feet in diameter, and the crackling of the wood announced that the monarch was about to fall. Its lofty top, 275 feet above the ground, wavered a moment, and bowed gracefully and with stately air, like a grand lady courtesying; then gathering impetus as it left the perpendicular, the great trunk rushed to the earth with terrific force. Keeping to the course marked out for it by the woodsmen, it tore the foliage from the protruding limbs, filled the air with flying branches and bits of bark, swept away every obstacle in its path, and descending with tremendous force, struck the ground with a thud to be heard a mile. Clouds of dust shot up sixty feet; the earth shook and rumbled. The prostrate giant trembled once from top to stump, and all was over. It was a death-scene of awful grandeur and solemnity. Even the lumbermen, accustomed to the sight daily, dropped their sledges, double-bitted axes, malls, goads, and water-buckets, and gazed in silence at the overthrow of the many-centuried monarch. The cutting of the red-woods is the mammoth lumbering of the world. California has no competitor in big trees. They belong to the genus *Sequoia*—a name derived from Sequoyah, a Cherokee, who invented an alphabet and written language for his Indian tribe—and are of two species. They are found in the tract west of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between the 34th and 42d degrees of latitude, ranging in height from 200 to 400 feet, and in diameter from eight to twenty-five feet. The famous big trees of Calaveras and Mariposa belong to the *Sequoia gigantea*, while those along the coast north of San Francisco are *Sequoia sempervirens*, or red-wood.

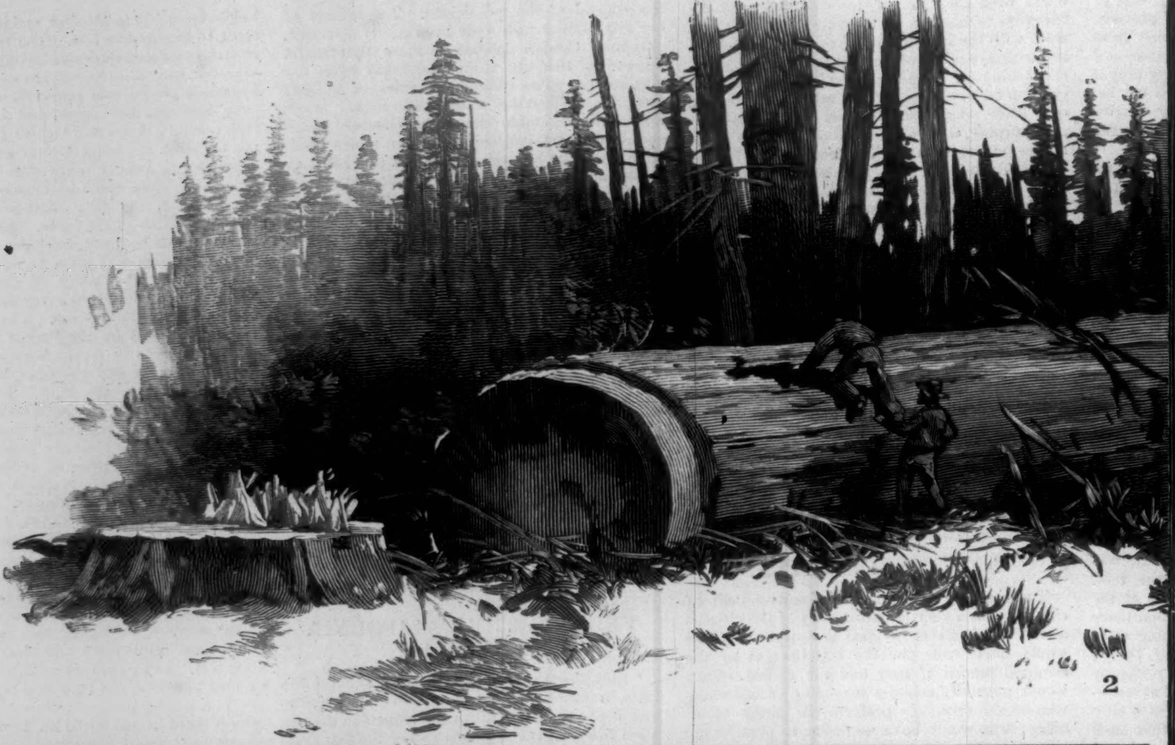
In Sonoma, Mendocino, and Humboldt counties, reaching from the Golden Gate to Oregon, are immense red-wood forests covering an area from two to twenty miles wide and nearly 200 miles long, from which millions of feet of lumber are now cut annually. Red-wood is the most valuable timber in the State. As yet no railroad traverses this territory, but work has been begun on lines which will soon bring the lumbering camps within easy reach of the market. The red-wood is a coniferous evergreen, resembling in some respects the cypress. The wood, which is extensively used on the Pacific slope for building, and is seen in recent houses in Boston and Chicago, is of a fine red color, but fades slowly when exposed to the light. The shrinkage is principally lengthwise, and in California the wood is very popular. The timber land is exceedingly valuable, as single trees are often worth $600 or $700, the current price of red-wood being $16 to $30 per thousand. A trip to a red-wood lumbering camp is full of interest. The operations are on a scale unknown in other regions, and the hauling is entirely overland. As one draws near the choppers' settlement the half-charred stumps give the first adequate idea of the immense size of the red-woods. Although their circumference is not so great as that of the Yosemite trees, many measure 60 feet around, and have an area on a cross section six feet from the ground of 300 feet. In height they have no equals. When a man stands at the base of a tree 350 feet high he is a mere pigmy, and feels his insignificance. Great skill is exhibited in felling a red-wood. Early in the work a ten-foot post will be erected in the ground fifteen or twenty feet from the base, which the falling tree will drive out of sight. It rarely fails to do so. The choppers under-cut it about one-third of the way through on the side toward the post, then with a cross-cut saw they work from the opposite side toward the first incision.

Leaving a narrow strip uncut, they drive wedges to topple the giant over into the prescribed path. When felled, the tree is quickly stripped of the scant foliage on the upper third of its length, and sawed into sections twelve and twenty-four feet long. The bark, one to two inches deep, is removed with wedges and iron bars by the strippers, and then the "bull-whackers" take charge of the sections to transfer them to the mills. Sixteen and often twenty-two oxen are required to move the enormous logs. It is a science to handle such a team, yet expert bull-whackers, who receive from $150 to $200 a month, do it by word of mouth, rarely applying the goad. The track to the mill tramway is "greased" behind the oxen by the water-packers, who wet the ground from buckets of water carried across the shoulders in Chinese fashion. By great exertions a gang of ten men can fell and transport one red-wood to the mill in a day. Within a year the lumbermen's attacks on the "big trees" have increased very rapidly, and whole forests are now being devastated as fast as the choppers can work. At present seventeen lumber companies are operating in the red-wood region. In ten years, if this destruction is not checked, big trees will exist in California only as curiosities.



BASE-BALL AT CROWTOWN.

Much consternation is occasioned among the home club and its friends when it is discovered that the foreign nine contains a member of such extraordinary length that he can keep his feet on one base and crawl to the next. Nothing being found in the rules relative to such a contingency, and an extension of the diamond being prevented by real estate considerations, the contest ends in a free fight, in which the Crowtown Blues come off victorious, but the Clayville Maroons win the ball match.



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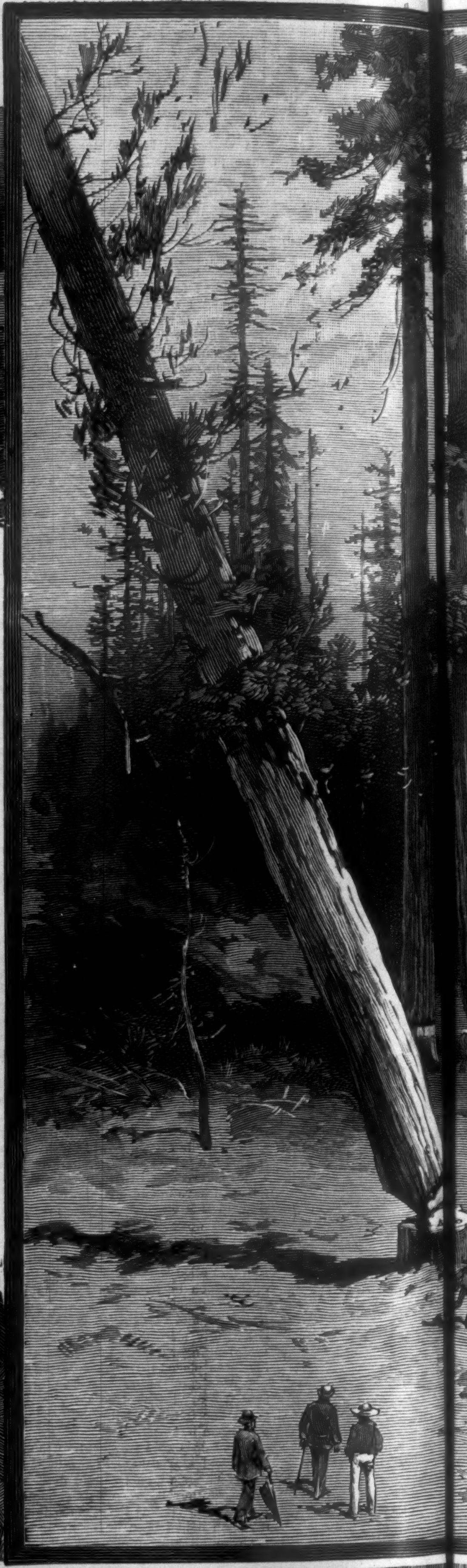

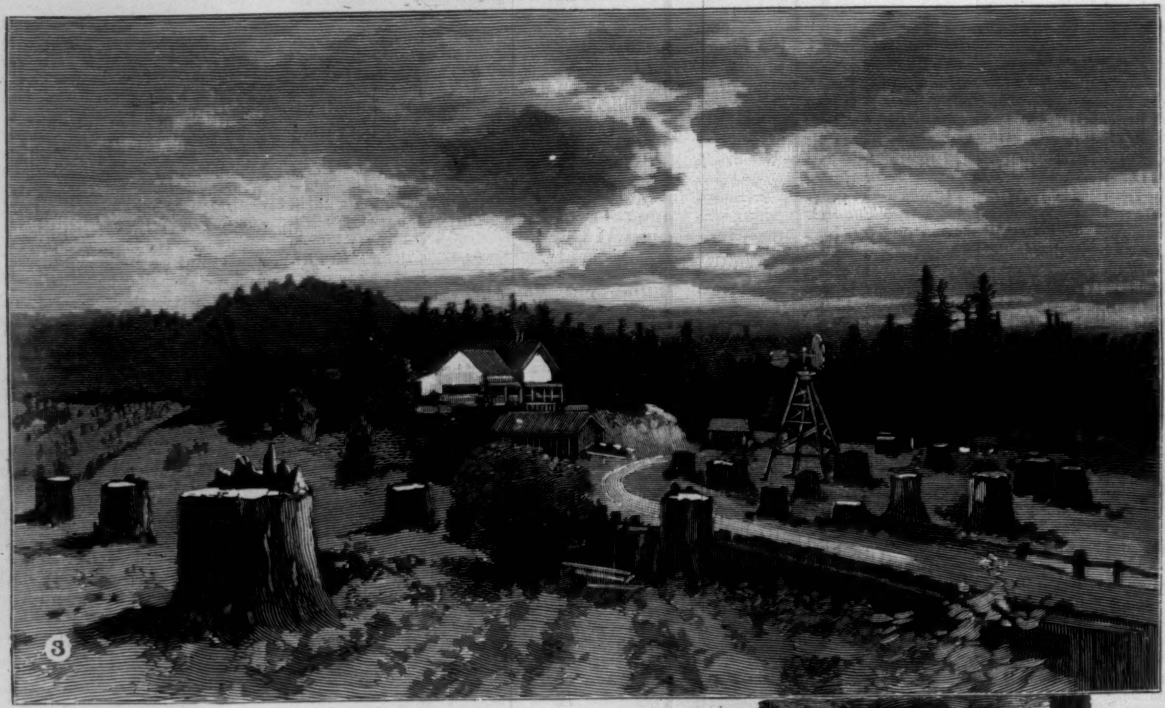

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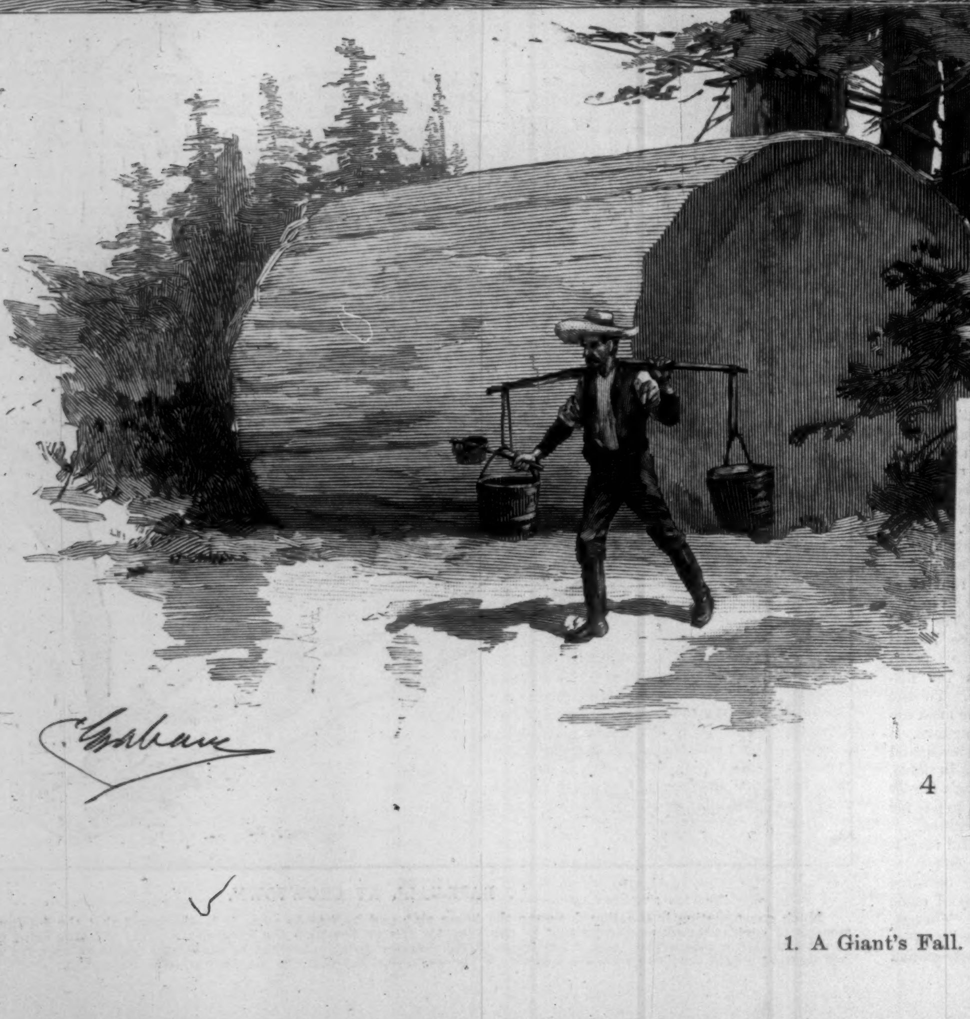

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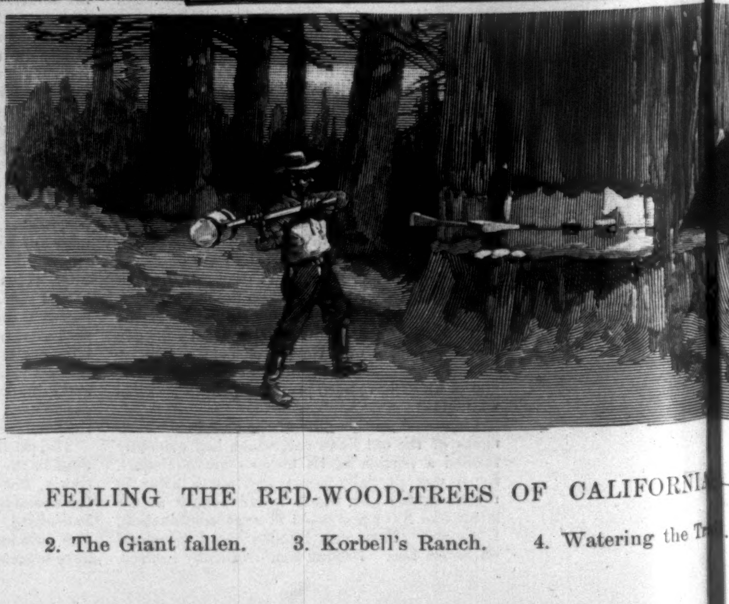
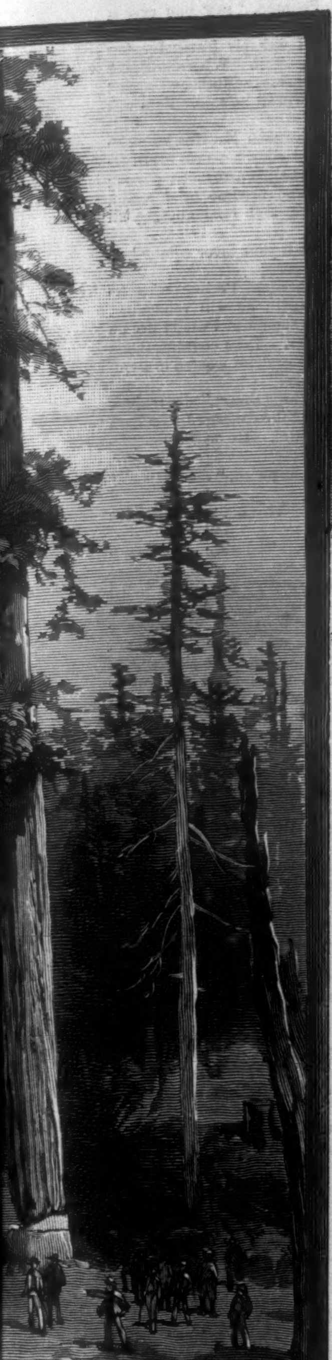
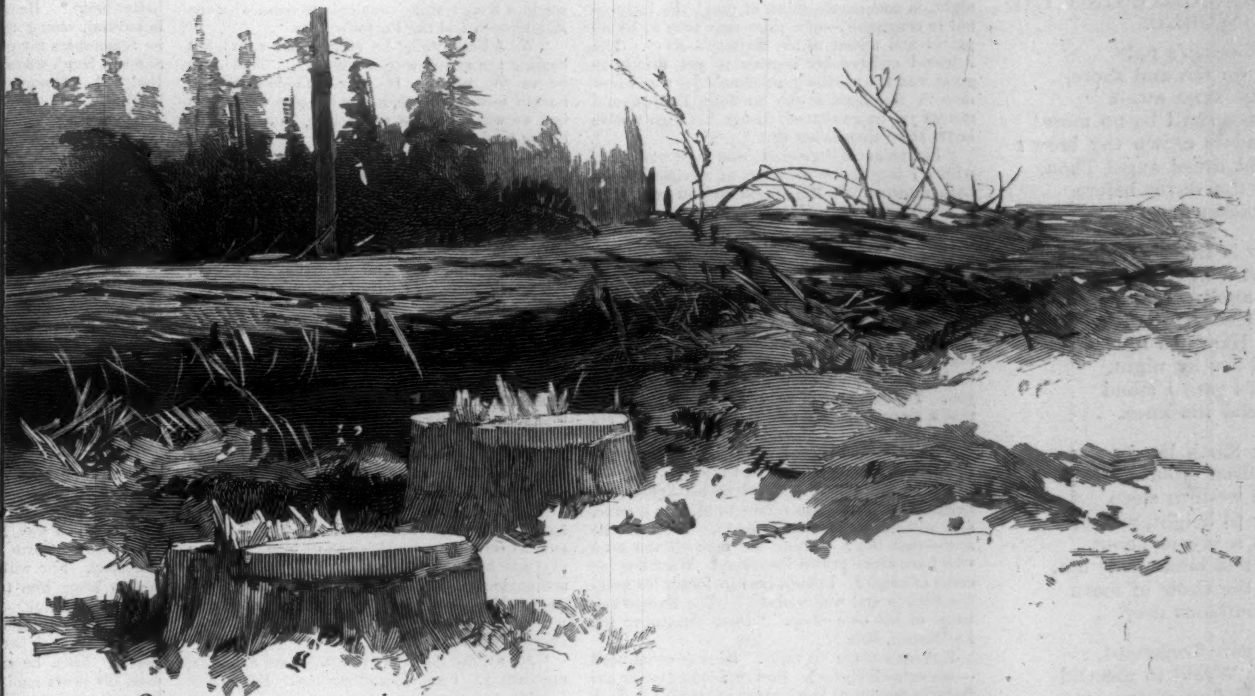


FELLING THE RED-WOOD-TREES OF CALIFORNI

1. A Giant's Fall. 2. The Giant fallen. 3. Korbell's Ranch. 4. Watering the Tr

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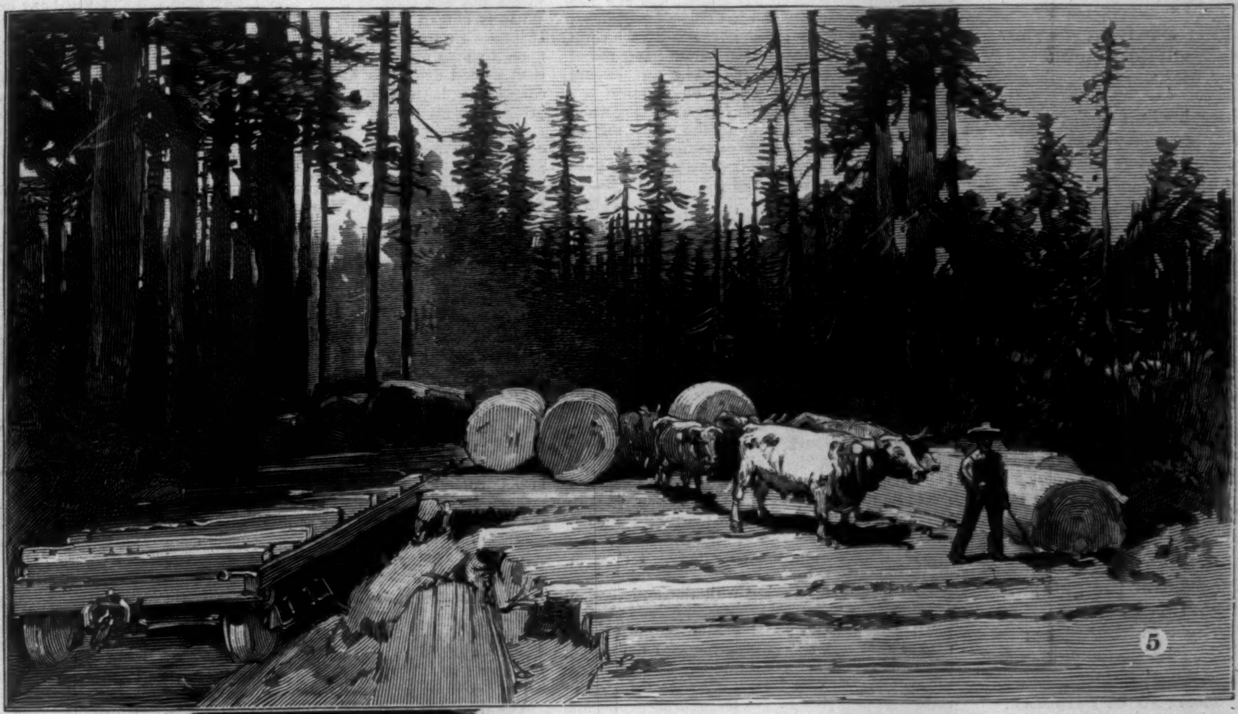

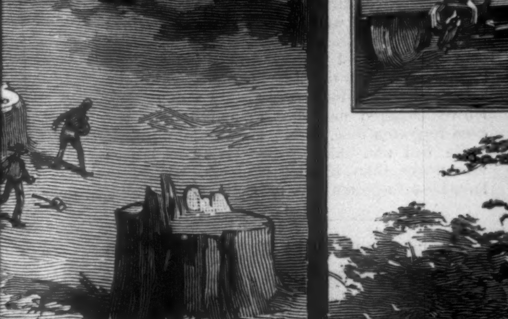

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—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 699.]

5. Hauling Logs. 6. On Russian River. 7. Driving in the Wedges.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

WARDER at ocean's gate,
Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
Dazzling the waves before
Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
At ocean's gate I stand
Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
I sprang to height, reborn:
Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
And all the choir of morn
Sang anthems deep.

"Beneath yon firmament,
The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
My skyey flag unrolled:
The Old World's hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
Came from a living mould
In glory blent.

"O ye, whose broken spars
Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! there are no bars
Across your pathway set:
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
For you my coronet
Is rayed with stars.

"But ye that hither draw
To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free,—
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
My name is Liberty,
My throne is Law."

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale;
Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place:
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be Light!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

The World Went Very Well Then.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW BESS LISTENED FOR HIS STEP.

IT was not until nearly midnight that Mr. Brinjes came home—a late hour even in London, where they turn night into day; but at Deptford there is not so much as a single drinking-house open at that hour, and every one, rogues and honest men, the virtuous and the abandoned, are all alike in bed and asleep. The moon was full, and the street was as light as day. Over the Penman's shop the lattice window was partly open.

"It is Bess's room," said Mr. Brinjes. "She is asleep, and dreaming of her Lieutenant. And he hath forgotten her. 'Tis pity she had not listened to Aaron's voice. He hath surely forgotten her, seeing that he hath wellnigh forgotten me, and asked no questions at all concerning her. Sleep on, Bess; sleep on, my girl. To-morrow thou wilt not sleep at all; and the next day, or the next, will come the whirlwind! Perhaps the sight of thy charms.... but I know not—I know not. Our honest lad is changed."

He opened the door of his shop, and went into his own den.

At nine of the clock or thereabouts, when the early chins had been shaved, and the wigs dressed and sent round to the gentlemen, Mr. Peter Skipworth, the Barber, found time to run across the street to his gossip and neighbor, the Penman.

"Great news, Mr. Westmoreland!" he cried. "Great news for Deptford!"

"Why?" asked the Penman. "Is another Czar coming here?"

"No, no. But the Lieutenant has come home."

"Lieutenant Easterbrook?"

"What other? He came up the river last night, in command—think of that! the Lieutenant in command!—of a prize sent here to be repaired and added to his Majesty's Navy. The Admiral ordered his negroes to get drunk, so great was the worthy gentleman's joy; and now they lie like hogs at the Sir John Falstaff, and cannot yet be awakened, though 'tis nigh twelve hours since they rolled over."

"Lieutenant Easterbrook, who once was Jack, whom I taught the elements of navigation—he hath returned?" Mr. Westmoreland was slow of catching news, being always wrapped in the study of mathematics.

Bess stopped her work at the first mention of his name, and listened, her heart beating, and her cheek now flushed, now pale. Oh! he was come home again!

"We have not yet seen him," the Barber continued, "though I expect he will come to have his hair dressed and his chin shaven. None other hand but mine shall touch them, I promise you. The landlord of the Sir John Falstaff says that a more gallant gentleman he hath never set eyes upon."

"Ha!" said Mr. Westmoreland. "That the Lieutenant is safe and sound, I rejoice. But the brave boy who was so good at his figures, he, neighbor, will no more return to us. He is gone, and will never come back again. Where is he now—that boy? Where are now all the boys who have since grown into men? What has become of them? I doubt he will forget his humble friends and well-wishers." The Barber ran back to his own shop. "Dost remember the Lieutenant, Bess?"

But Bess made no reply. He was come back—her splendid lover! How could she answer her father's prattle, or think about anything but Jack and love? Already she felt his arms about her neck, and his kisses on her cheek; and she was suffused with blushes and the glow of happiness.

She put on her finest and best—with the coral beads which Jack had given her to hang round her neck, and the ribbons—also his gift—would he remember them as well? She dressed her hair in the way he used to love, and then, when all was ready, she stole down the stairs, and so out by the back way to the apothecary's parlor, that bower of love, though it was not also a bower of roses and fragrant flowers.

The room was empty. In the shop sat Mr. Brinjes, in his place, the great book before him; the assistant, James Hadlow, stood at the counter rolling and mixing, and the shop was filled with women who had brought sick children.

"Mr. Brinjes," cried Bess.

"Ay, ay, my girl," he replied.

"He has come home!" she cried, heedless now of the women and their gossip.

"Very like—very like—so they tell me."

"So they tell me!" she echoed, laughing. "As if it mattered nothing. Yet he will but shake hands with the Admiral and come here. 'So they tell me,' he says."

"I come, Bess," he replied, looking at her sadly; "I come in a few minutes. Now, you women who have had your answer and your physic, take your brats away. This morning I am benevolently disposed, and will cure them all. Go away, therefore, and prate no more. I come in a few minutes, Bess."

So she waited, glowing with the anticipation of her lover's welcome, her eyes soft and humid, her bosom heaving; and what with the tumult of her soul and her finery—for, as I have said, she had put on her coral and her ribbons—and all his gifts, looking truly a most beautiful creature. At half past twelve Mr. Brinjes closed his great book, descended from his stool, and came into the parlor.

"I have seen him, Bess," he said. "I saw him last night."

"Oh! you have seen him, and you did not wake me up to tell me. You have spoken to him. What did he say? How doth he look? What did he ask about me? What messages did he send? And is he wounded? Is he safe and well? Oh! but he will be here directly. Even now his step may be in the street. Listen!—no—not yet—he will come to tell me! Why, you tell me nothing. Once you said that my Jack might forget me. I will not tell him that, Mr. Brinjes, because he is masterful, and I would not anger him against you. Why, you tell me nothing. I have put on all the things he gave me. Am I looking well? Do you think he will find me changed?"

"For your questions, Bess, he looks strong and well, though somewhat changed in manner, and colder than of old; and to some of us he might have shown more civility. For me, I complain not, though he gave me but a cold hand; but Mr. Shelvocke may justly complain, and Mr. Underhill—though one, truly, was but a supercargo, and the other but the purser."

"Jack can never forget his old friends," said Bess, "any more than he can forget his old love. But he is now in command of a prize."

"Bess, my girl," said Mr. Brinjes, very earnestly, "don't build hopes on the promise of a sailor. My dear, I know the breed, all my life, being now past fourscore and ten. I have lived among sailors. I tell thee, child, I know them. With them, it is out of sight out of mind. When a man goes fighting, hath he room in his mind for a woman? And the more a woman loves a sailor, the less he loves her. If he hath forgotten thee, my dear, let him go without a tear or a sigh, for there are plenty other men in Deptford who would gladly possess thy charms."

"Stop!" she cried, flying out suddenly. "Why, you are talking like a mad thing! You don't know my Jack. How should you know him? How should you know any men except the pirates, your old friends, and the rough tarpaulins who come here to be healed? Who are you, a little common apothecary, to talk of men like the Lieutenant? How are you to know the ways of the King's officers? Why, if you have been to sea in a King's ship, 'twas only to mess with the Midshipmen and the Purser's Mate."

"Well, Bess, well," he replied, not angry, but bearing the attack with meekness. "That shall be as you please. If your man is constant, he will seek thee here, in the old place. If he is not, we will, I say, be reasonable, and expect no better than others receive."

"Oh! If you were a young man—a man like Aaron," cried Bess, "Jack should beat you to a jelly for this."

"Ay, ay—very like, very like. You shall beat me if you like, my girl. Bess," said Mr. Brinjes, looking her earnestly in the face, "if it would give you any pleasure, and bring your lover back, you should beat me yourself till you could lay on no longer."

"My lover will come back to me," she replied. "He will be here this morning or this afternoon. Of course he will come as soon as he can."

"Perhaps. But he is changed. He sat among the gentlemen of the Club last night, but it was to please the Admiral, not himself. He wanted none of our company. I sat beside him, but he asked me no question at all. What!—should I not know the lover's eyes? Bess, he hath forgotten thee."

"You are a liar!" she replied, springing to her feet as if she would take him at his word and lay on till she could lay on no longer. "You say this because you are old and ill-tempered, and envious of younger people's happiness. Who are you that Jack should remember you? Who but a common sailors' apothecary — and he a Lieutenant in Command?"

"Ay, ay, my girl; pay it out. I am a sailors' apothecary. I am old and envious. Pay it out. I value not thy words—no, not even a rope's yarn—because, Bess, I love thee, my dear, and I would not see thee unhappy about any man. What is a man worth beside a lovely woman? If I were a woman, would I throw my love away upon a single man? Two years and more hast thou wasted upon this fine lover, who, when he comes back, hath never a word to ask—not even, 'How fares my Bess?'"

"Why," said Bess, "how could he ask concerning me before those gentlemen? Say no more, Mr. Brinjes, for I would not be angered and show a red cheek when he comes. You know that I am easily put out. Besides, you are only laughing at me, and I am a fool to fly out. Jack will come to me as soon as he can leave his ship. Very likely he will not get away until the evening."

So she sat down on the window-seat, and recovered her spirits, feeling no doubt at all, nor any misgivings, and began talking merrily of what she would say when he came, and what he would say to her, and how they would brew him a glass of punch such as he loved, before they suffered him to say a word of his own adventures, and how she would fill for him a pipe of tobacco, thinking—poor wretch!—that her lover was unchanged not only in his affections, but also in his manners.

Then Mr. Brinjes made his dinner; that is to say, he fried his beefsteak and onions, and presently ate them up, with a tankard of black beer. After dinner he took a glass of punch, filled and smoked a pipe of tobacco, and then, rolling himself in his pillows, fell fast asleep, as was his wont.

Bess meantime, her wrath subdued, sat in the window-seat, waiting. But the step she looked for came not.

So passed the afternoon.

Toward three o'clock Mr. Westmoreland, who had been so much occupied with his work that he forgot his dinner, began to feel certain pangs in the internal regions, which he at first attributed to colic, and blamed himself for greediness at meals; but as the pain increased and became intolerable, he pushed away his papers and sat up, suddenly remembering that he had not had any dinner at all, and that these were pangs of hunger. Three o'clock; and no dinner! Where in the world was Bess?

He was accustomed, however, to small consideration from women, and proceeded to rummage in the cupboard, where he found some cold provisions, off which he made a very good dinner. Then, as the day was fine and the sun shining, he stood in the doorway enjoying the warmth.

As he stood there he saw, marching up the street, no other than the Lieutenant himself, whom he recognized, though he was greatly changed, having now not only filled out in figure and become a man, who when last seen was a stripling, but having acquired the dignity of the quarter-deck and the assurance which comes of exercising authority.

However changed, Jack did not forget his old friend.

"What!" he said, "Mr. Westmoreland! Thou art well, I hope, my friend?"

"I am better than I deserve to be, sir, and glad to see your Honor safe home again."

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland, the bullet that has my heart for its billet hath not yet found me, though it may be already cast for aught I know. Thou art still busied with logarithms?"

"By the blessing of Heaven, sir," said Mr. Westmoreland, "I have had much to do, both in the advancement of fine penmanship and the calculation of the logarithmic tables."

Jack nodded and passed on; but he remembered something and laughed. Then he hesitated, and looked back into the Penman's room.

"You had a daughter, Mr. Westmoreland—Bess, her name was, and a comely girl. I hope she is well. But I see her not in the shop. No doubt she is married long ago, and the mother of thumping twins."

He laughed and nodded and went on his way.

"My daughter, your Honor—" Mr. Westmoreland began; but the Lieutenant was already out of hearing.

"Now," said the Penman, "saw one ever a better heart? He not only remembers me, which is natural, seeing that I was his instructor, but he remembers my girl as well. Where is Bess? She will laugh when I tell her. Mother of twins! Ho! ho! 'Thumping twins!' he said. Bess will laugh."

About four in the afternoon Mr. Brinjes woke up, and slowly recovered consciousness, until he felt strong enough to take his afternoon punch; after which he sat up and became brisk again, looking about the room, and remembering all that had been said.

"Bess," he cried, "hath your lover come?"

She shook her head.

"Courage, my girl, courage. Perhaps when he sees thy comely face again he will remember. What! To be loved by such a girl would fire an Esquimau or a Laplander. Take courage, therefore. There is no more beautiful woman in Deptford, Bess. Take courage."

"I am waiting for my sweetheart," she replied, coldly. "Why should I take courage? He hath been delayed by his affairs. He will come presently."

"Bess," Mr. Brinjes whispered, "there is a way to bring him back."

"To bring him back? This old man will drive me mad!"

"There is a way, Bess. The old negro woman gave thee a charm to keep him safe from shot and steel. She will give thee one, if I compel her, to bring him to thy knees. Nay, she will not at thy bidding. And for why? Because she wants Miss Castilla to marry the Lieutenant. Yet if I compel her, she will make thee such a charm. Then he must needs come straight to thee, his heart mad with love, though a hundred fine ladies tried to drag him back."

But Bess shook her head.

"I will have no charm," she said. "If Jack will forget me, let him forget me. But he has got my name tattooed upon his arm, and he has got my lock tied round his wrist. If these will not charm him back, nothing else shall."

So she fell into silence. But at seven in the evening, when Mr. Brinjes put on his wig and coat for the club, she arose and went home.

"Why," said her father, "where hast been all day, girl? There was no dinner. Well, it matters not," because her face warned him not to rebuke her, "it matters not, and, indeed, I found enough cold bits in the cupboard. But, Bess, thou hast missed a sight."

"What sight?"

"The sight of a gallant gentleman. I have seen the Lieutenant. He passed by this way to the Admiral's. 'Tis a brave officer now; no taller, perhaps, than when he left us last; but then he was a stripling, and now he is well filled out, and set up as brave and comely as one would wish to set eyes upon."

"And he came to the shop to see me, then?"

"You, Bess? Why should he wish to see you? No, no.... A gentleman like that cannot be expected to remember a mere girl. But he had not forgotten me, for when I saw him, and took off my cap to him, he stopped and kindly asked me how I fared. His Honor is not one who forgets his humble friends."

"Did he ask after me?"

"He did, I warrant. He said, 'You had a daughter, Mr. Westmoreland.' So he looked into the room as if he would give you too a greeting; but no one was there. So he said, 'But she is married long ago, I dare swear, and hath thumping twins by this time.' 'Thumping twins,' he said, Bess. His Honor was always a merry lad. He remembered me directly; and he hath not even forgotten thee, Bess. Do not think it."

He had not, indeed. But his remembrance was worse than his forgetfulness. Better to have been forgotten than to be thus remembered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"HE HATH SUFFERED A SEA-CHANGE."

OUR Lieutenant was engaged all the morning with the Port Admiral and with the Navy Office, but in the after-part of the day the Admiral made a great feast for him, as he had done on his last return, to which I was bidden with the rest. But the change which I perceived in him greatly surprised me, and indeed all of us. For the young sea-cub, rude in speech and careless of behavior, was quite gone. Behold in his place a gentleman of polite manners, and as careful of his speech as if he had been all his life in St. James's Street. This was indeed astonishing.

There are, it is certain, too many Captains in the King's ships who have never known better company than they find in a Portsmouth tavern, so that the ridicule which has been lavished upon naval Captains is not undeserved; there are also ships which are no better, as a school of manners for the young officers, than Portsea Hard, so that the Lieutenants and Midshipmen in such vessels hear nothing but rough language with profane swearing, and even at the Captain's table, which is copied in the ward-room and the gun-room, find the manners of a Newcastle collier. There are also Captains who should never have left the polite part of town, because they pine continually for the pleasures of the theatre and Ranelagh, the clubs of St. James's Street, Covent Garden suppers, and gambling houses; who reek of bergamot, and appear daily on the quarter-deck dressed as if for the park, and in their hair not a curl out of place, or a single touch of pomatum and powder abated. These men are not those who crowd all sail in pursuit of the enemy, and hasten to lay yard-arm to yard-arm. The sailors call them Jacky Fal-las, and respect nothing in them but their authority over the cat-o'-nine-tails. Other Captains again there are (under one of them it was Jack's good fortune to serve) who possess such manners, and in their cabins exhibit and expect such conversation and behavior, as one finds

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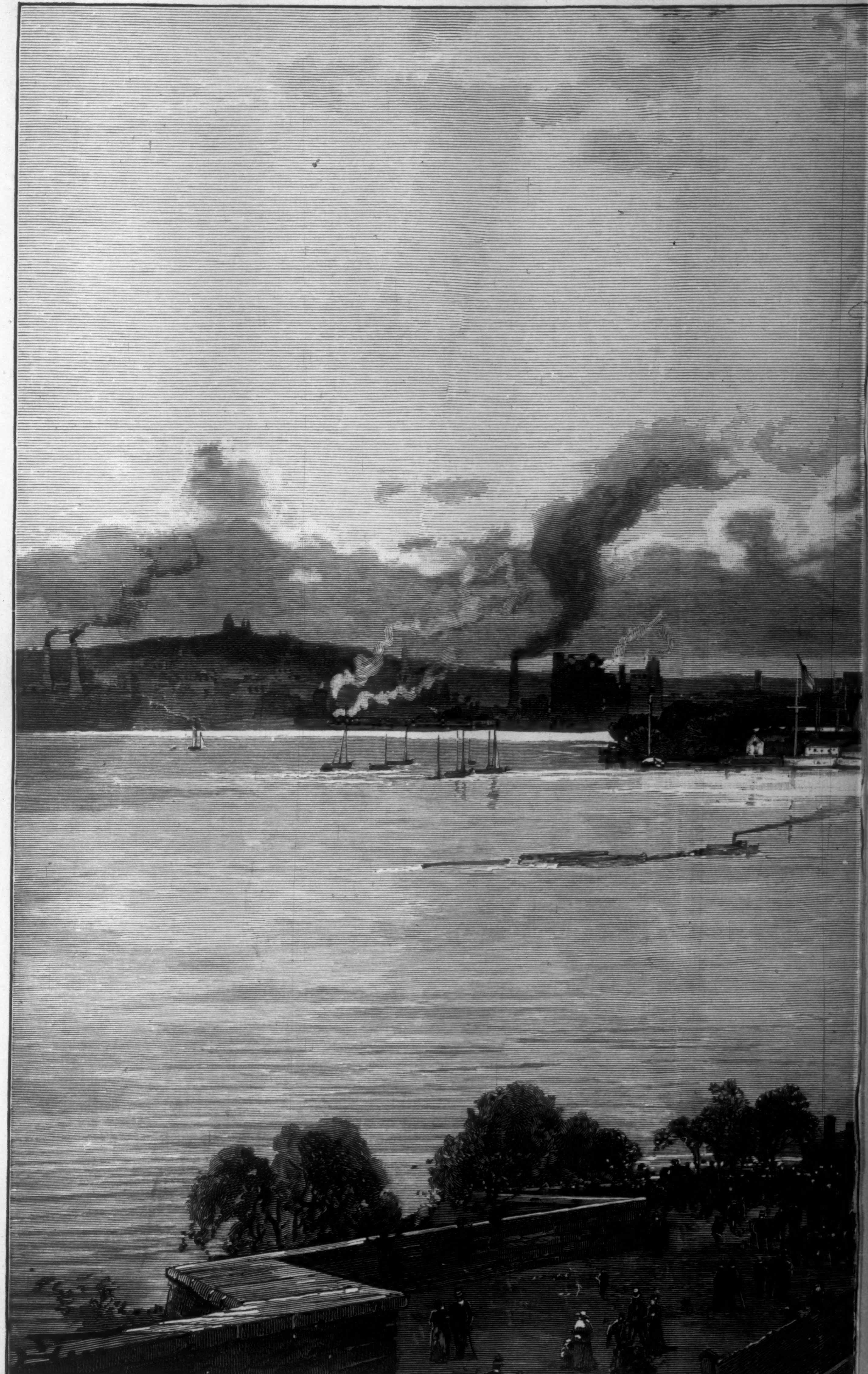
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.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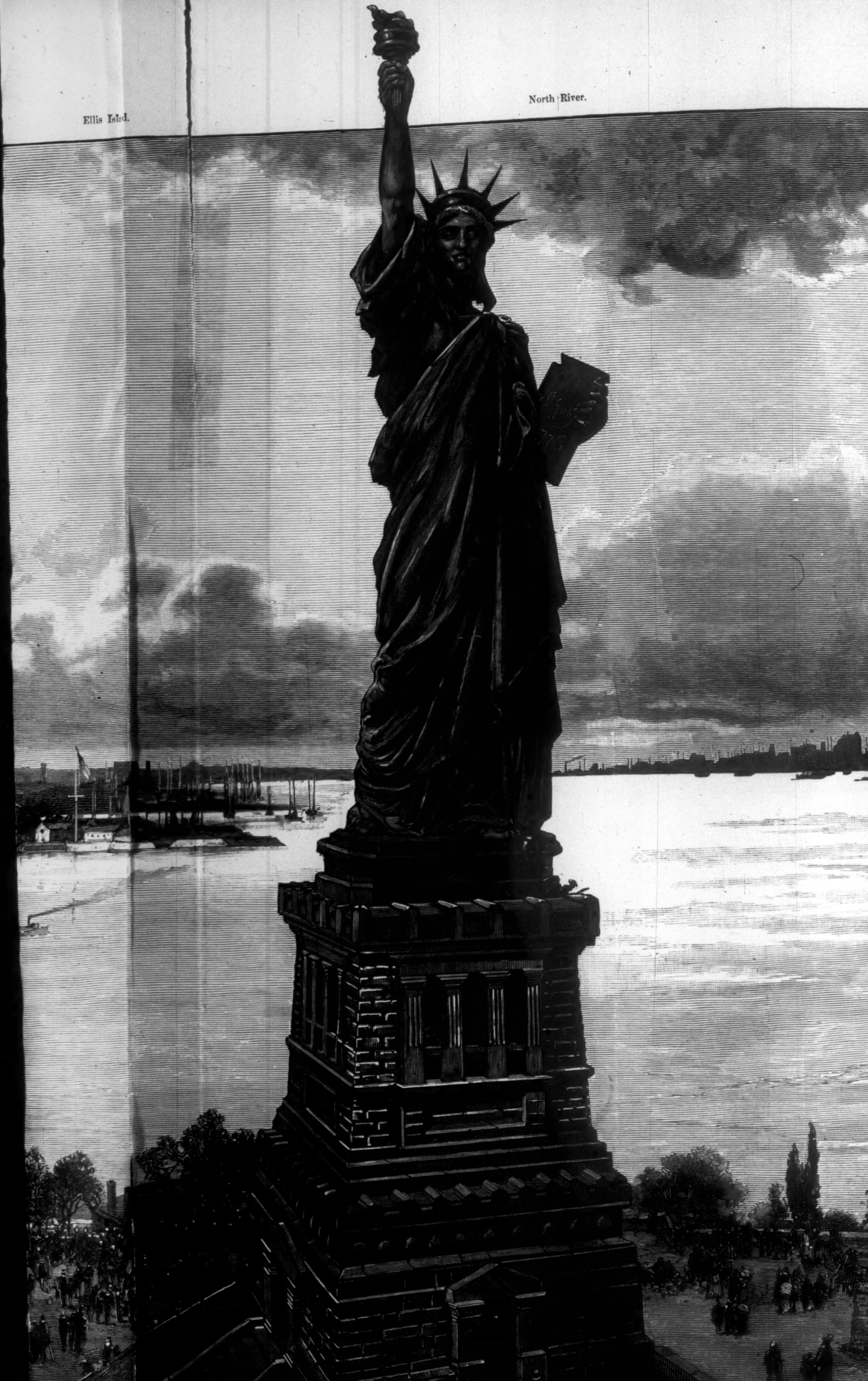
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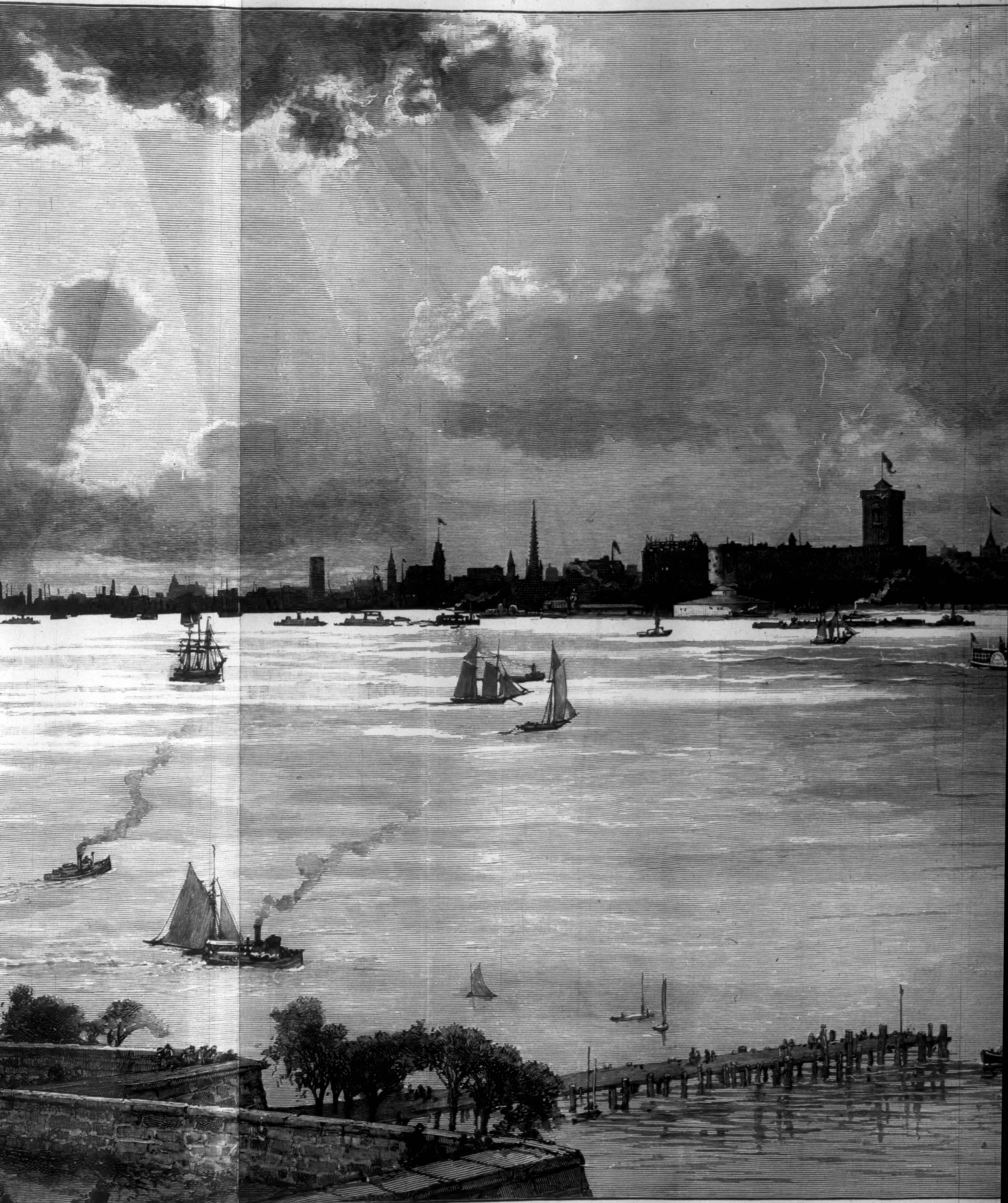
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Castle Garden.
Produce Exchange.
Cotton

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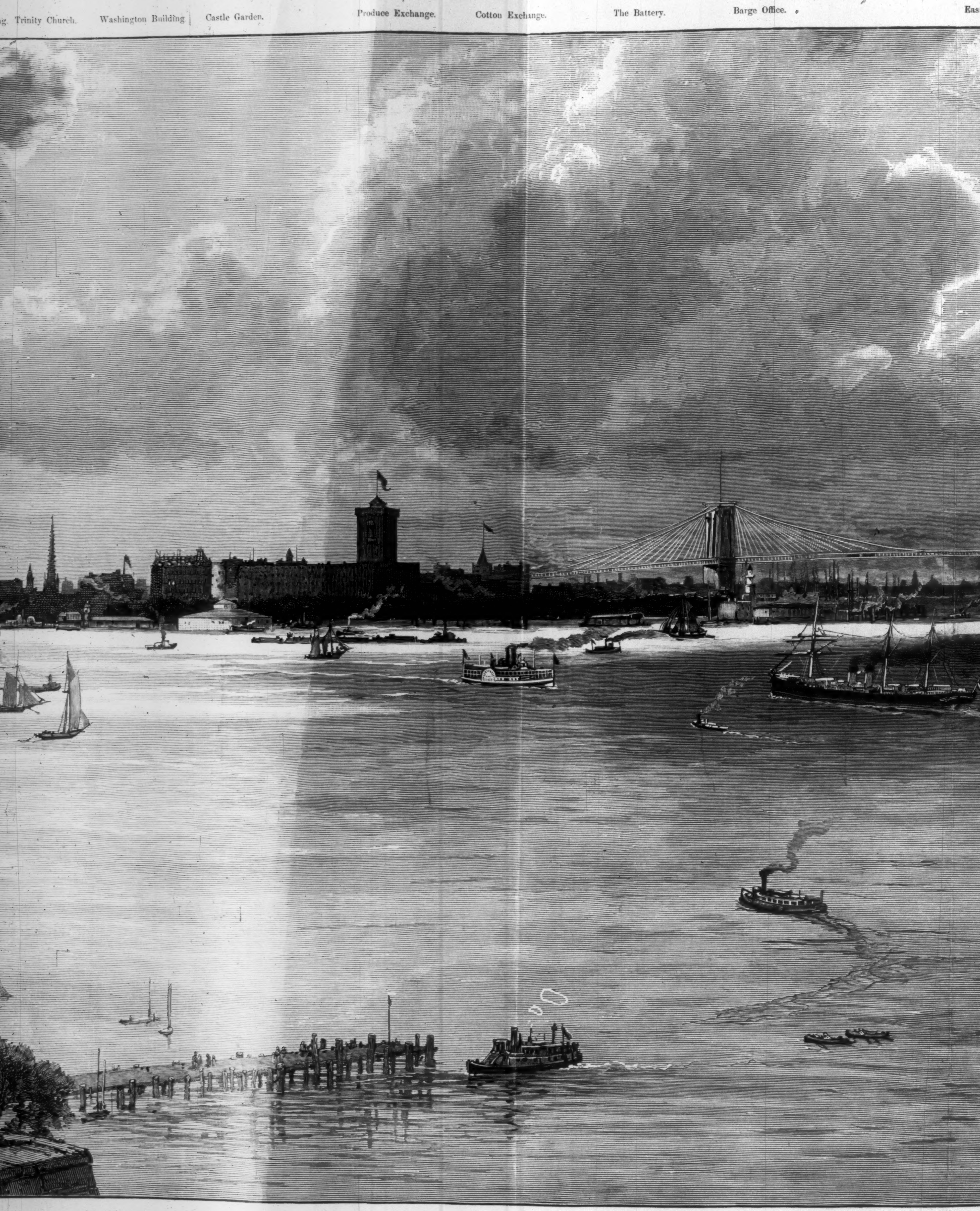
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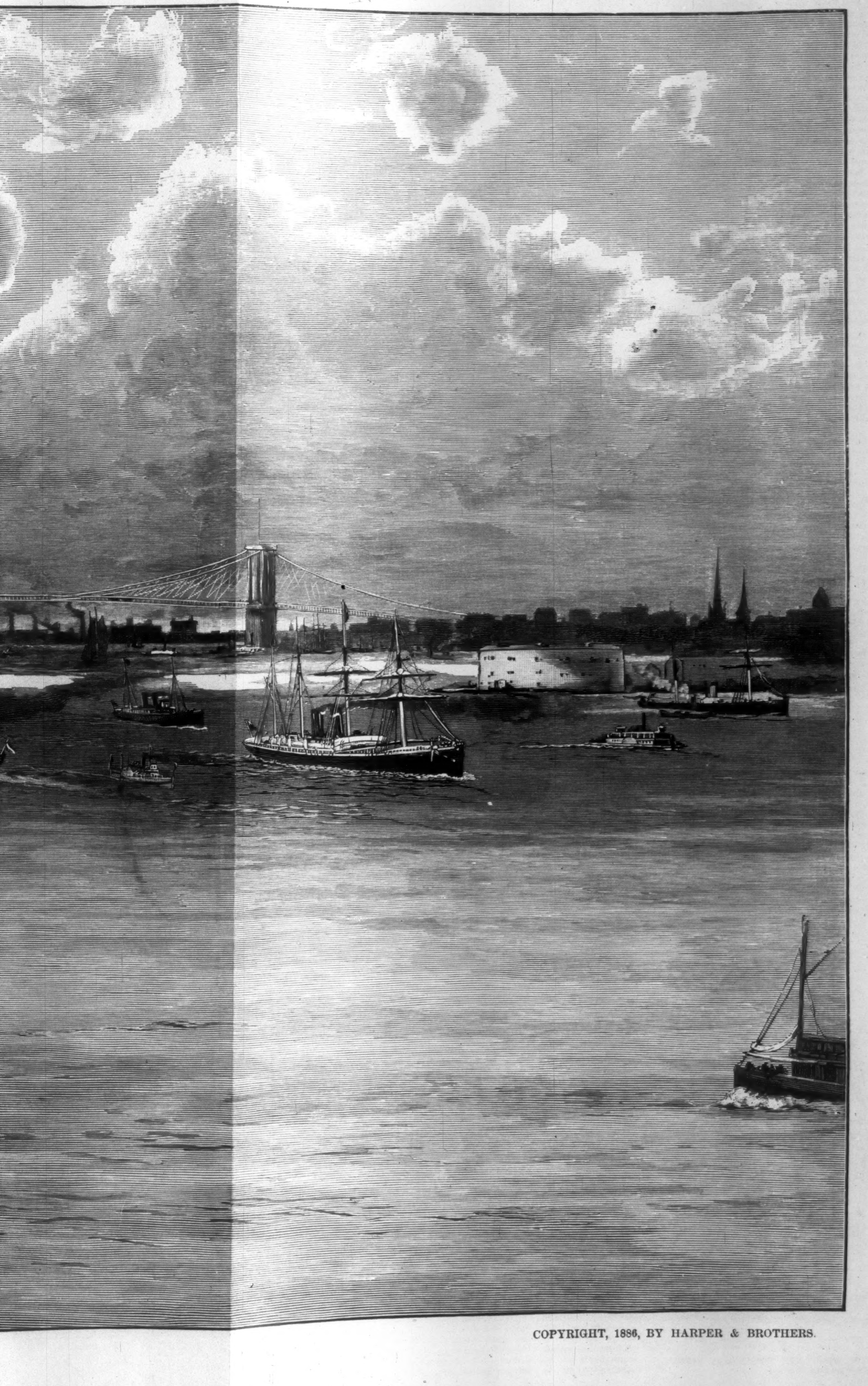
ON BEDLOW'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.


ast River Bridge.
Brooklyn, E. D.
Brooklyn.
Castle William, Governor's Island
Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn.

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in the most polite assembly, yet are no whit behind the most old-fashioned sea-dog in courage. What could we expect of Jack when he came home to us, after four years spent in wandering among savages, and in a French prison among common sailors, but that he should be rude and rough? What else could we expect, after sailing under a commanding officer of good birth and breeding, than that he should return with polished manners and softened language?

This fact explained part of the change which had taken place in him. But it did not explain all, for Jack, who had formerly avoided the society of ladies, now astonished us by his demeanor toward Madam and Castilla, especially the latter, whose conversation he courted, addressing himself to her continually, so that she was fain to blush under his manifest and undisguised admiration.

"Now," cried the Admiral, when Madam retired with Castilla, "'fore Gad! we'll make a night of it. Clean glasses, ye black devils, and brisk about! Jack, I hope the liquor is to your liking. I love the Mediterranean, for my own part, because the wine is cheap and strong and plenty. Drink about, gentlemen, and when you are tired of the port, we will have in the punch. Gentlemen, let us drink the health of the Lieutenant!"

So the bottle began to fly, and the company presently grew merry, and all began to talk together, every man speaking of the glorious actions in which he had taken part, and, as is natural when the heart is uplifted with generous wine, every man thinking that the victory was won by his own valor. Thus the Admiral related how he had planted the British flag on the island of Tobago; and before he had finished the narrative Mr. Shelvocke interrupted in order to tell the company that it was he alone who had with his own hand sacked and burned the town of Payta, and it was he who boarded the Spanish ships on their escape from Juan Fernandez; next, the good old Admiral struck in again to explain who it was that had made Sir Cloudesley Shovel's victories possible. But our hero, who had seen already more engagements than any man present, though he was not yet twenty-four, spoke little, and I observed, which was indeed remarkable in a naval officer, and would be, in this drinking age, remarkable in any man, that he did not drink deep. Presently, when the others were flushed in the cheeks, and some of them thick of speech—the first signs of drunkenness—Jack rose, saying, "By your leave, Admiral, I will join the ladies."

The ladies, who expected nothing but an evening to themselves, as is generally their lot when the men are drinking together, were greatly astonished at our appearance.

Then Castilla asked him a hundred questions about his cruise and his battles, which Jack answered modestly and briefly, while still in his eyes I marked that look of admiration—I knew it well—growing deeper and more hungry, and Castilla, observing it too, continually blushed and stammered, and yet went on prattling, as if his looks fascinated her, as they say that in some countries a snake will so charm a bird that it will sit, still singing, until he darts upon it and swallows it up.

After this he asked her to sing. Her voice was gentle and sweet, but of small power, and in the old days it had no charms for him compared with the strong, full voice which was at his service in the apothecary's parlor. But she complied, and sang all the songs she knew in succession.

Jack listened, enthralled. "'Tis well," he said, with a deep sigh, "that we have no Castilla on board."

"Why, Jack?"

"Because life would be so sweet that the men would not fight, for fear of being killed."

"Thank you, Jack," she said. "I never expected so fine a compliment on my poor singing."

"There never were any sirens on board ship," I said, clumsily. "They are always on land, and sing to lure poor sailors to destruction."

"Fie for shame, Luke!" cried Castilla. "That was not prettily said. Am I trying to lure Jack to his destruction, pray?"

We all laughed; and yet, when one comes to think of that evening, I perceive that this innocent creature was actually and unconsciously playing the part of the ancient siren, because she certainly lured the Lieutenant to the fate that awaited him.

Then Jack offered to sing, somewhat to my dismay, because I remembered certain songs which he had formerly bawled at the Gun Tavern and in the apothecary's parlor. However, he now sang, his voice being modulated and greatly softened, an old sea-song, with a burden of "As we ride on the tide when the stormy winds do blow," very movingly, so that the tears stood in Castilla's eyes.

We heard, in the next room, the voices of the Admiral and his guests growing louder and faster, and conjectured that the evening would be a short one. This speedily proved true, and the negroes wheeled every man home to his own house, except the Admiral, whom they carried upstairs. As for us, Madam went to sleep in a chair, and we sat down to a game of Ombre, Jack showing himself as pleased with the simple game we played as he had been with the tea and the singing. At the same time his eyes wandered from his cards to Castilla's face, and he played his cards badly, losing every game.

"I cannot remember, Jack," said Castilla, when we finished, "that you were fond of cards when last you were at home, unless it were All-Fours."

"He also played," I said, "Cribbage, Put, Laugh-and-Lie-Down, and Snip-Snap-Snorem"—all of these being games over which, when played with Bess, he had shown great interest.

"Nay," he replied, earnestly, "I entreat you, Castilla, to forget wholly what manner of man that was who came home to you in rags. Think that he had been for two years among the Midshipmen, and then for three years among the savages and the Spaniards, and then was thrown into a French prison to mess with common sailors. If you do not forget that rude savage, forgive him, and understand that he has gone, and will no more be seen. As for the things he did, I look upon them with wonder. Why, if I remember aright, Luke, that sea-swab did not disdain to fight a smuggler fellow at Horn Fair before all his friends."

"He did not, Jack," I said. "But we loved the sea-swab."

"We should have loved him better, Luke," said Castilla, gently, "if he had given more of his company to ourselves and less to the apothecary. I know how his afternoons were spent, sir;" she nodded and laughed, and he changed color and started; but of course Castilla knew nothing about Bess.

"He is gone," Jack repeated, "and I hope that a better man has taken his place. As for your society, Castilla, he must be an insensate wretch indeed who would not find himself happy when you are present."

"Thank you, Jack;" she made him a courtesy and smiled, yet blushed a little. "I perceive that another man indeed has taken his place. Poor honest Jack! He spoke his mind, and loved not girls. Yet we loved him—perhaps;" she looked up at him, but dropped her eyes beneath his ardent gaze. "Perhaps, before long—"

"Perhaps, Castilla," said Jack, earnestly, "you may be able to love the new man better than the old."

"It is late," she said, blushing again. "Good-night, Jack." She gave him her hand, which he held for a moment, looking down upon the pretty, slender creature with eyes full of love. And then she left us, and went to bed.

I declare solemnly that I had loved Castilla ever since I could talk; yet in one evening this sailor made fiercer and more determined love to her than I in all those years. Indeed, as she hath since confessed to me, she knew not, and did not even so much as suspect, that I loved her.

"Come into the open, dear lad," said Jack, presently, after a profound sigh. "Let us go into the garden and talk."

In the garden, what with the twilight of the season and the full moon, it was as bright as day, though eleven o'clock was striking by St. Nicholas's Church clock. We walked upon the trim bowling-green, and talked.

"There is her bedroom," said Jack, looking at the light in Castilla's chamber. "See! she has put out the candle. She is lying down to sleep. What—oh, lad!—what can a creature like that, so delicate and so fragile, think of such rough, coarse animals as ourselves? Do you think that she can ever forget or forgive the rude things I have said to her? Do you think she remembers them, and would pay them back?"

"Jack, Castilla has nothing to remember or to forgive. Do you think she harbors resentment for the little rubs of her childhood?"

"She is all goodness, Luke; of that I am convinced. She is as good as she is truly beautiful; of that I need not to be told. As for her beauty, there is nothing in the world more lovely than the English blue eye and fair hair. It is by special Providence, I suppose, and to reward us for hating the Pope and the French, that they are made as good as they are beautiful."

"Did you always prefer fair hair to dark, Jack?" I asked, in wonder that a man should have so changed, and should have forgotten so much.

"As for what I used to say and think, dear lad, let that never be mentioned between us. Why, it shames me to think of what an unmannerly cur I must have seemed to all in those days. Talk not of them, Luke, my lad."

Poor Bess! She was included among the things belonging to those days. I dared not question him further.

"It is our unhappiness," he went on, "that though we would willingly remain on shore, honor and our own interest call us to go to sea again. Therefore I know not how far a man who is at present only a Lieutenant might hope to win so fair a prize as Castilla. To be sure, she is a sailor's daughter, and knows what she would expect as a sailor's wife. Yet to leave her alone, and without protection! She would have you, to be sure, for her protector while I am gone."

Heavens! It was not yet three years since he had solemnly committed another woman to my care. Had he quite forgotten that?

"In a word, Jack," I said, with bitterness in my heart, "you have seen Castilla, since your return, but three or four hours, and you are already in love with her."

"That is true," he replied. "I am in love with her. Why," he laughed, "you are thinking, I dare swear, of three years ago, when you caught me in a certain summer-house, kissing another girl."

I acknowledged that I remembered the fact. "Is she," I asked, "quite forgotten? Yet you swore that you loved her, and vowed constancy."

"Well, my lad, every sailor is allowed to be in love as often as he comes ashore, for that matter. And as for the girl—what was her name?—I believe I did make love to her for a while. And now I hear that she is married, and already the mother of twins."

"Who told you that?"

"Her father, the Penman."

"But it is not true, Jack. How could he have told you such a thing? Bess hath never forgotten you."

"True or not true, I care not a rope's-end. I am in love with Castilla. Already, you say? Why, a man who did not fall in love with this sweet creature at the very first sight of her would not be half a man. I expect to fight my way through a hundred suitors to get her hand. The Admiral loves me, and I think he would willingly make me his son-in-law. But I must go to sea once more before I can offer to marry her. Therefore, for her sake, I shall go to London and turn courtier. I shall attend the nobleman who once promised me an appointment. He hath now, doubtless, forgotten both the making and the breaking of that promise. That matters nothing. I shall pay my court to him. I shall practise those arts by which men creep into snug places: it needs but a supple back and an oily tongue. Come to see me in a week or two, and I will wager that I shall be his lordship's obedient servant, and that he will presently give me a command, if only of a pink; and that Castilla shall be promised to me."

All these things came to pass, indeed. Yet the result was not, as you shall learn, what he looked for.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARTHOLDI'S COLOSSAL STATUE.

As will be well remembered by its readers, **Harper's Weekly** of June 27, 1885, contained an account of the reception on June 19, in New York Harbor, of the French transport *Isère*, which brought to this country **Bartholdi**'s famous statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and the brilliant and imposing marine ceremonies in connection with the reception of the French vessel were fully illustrated in that issue. Now, after a lapse of sixteen months, the noble statue, which was then disjointed and dissected, its fragments being boxed up in the hold of the *Isère*, and which had but a half-completed pedestal upon which to stand, has assumed an erect position, and stands towering high above Bedlow's Island, its face turned toward the entrance of New York's splendid harbor, and the torch in its uplifted hand shedding light in all directions—a perpetual monument of the good-will which exists between the sister republics France and the United States of America. In the Supplement issued with this number of **Harper's Weekly** the statue is shown as it appears to-day, and its relation to surrounding objects made fully and strikingly apparent.

It was said in these columns on the date mentioned above that it would require four weeks to unload the disjointed figure of Liberty from the *Isère*, and that length of time, or very nearly, was occupied in the task. Had the pedestal been in readiness for the reception of the statue, the work of setting Liberty upon her feet would have proceeded at once; but, as everybody doubtless remembers, the building of the pedestal was a work which the American public did not take hold of with either becoming or reasonable alacrity. At the time of the arrival of **Bartholdi**'s gift the last $100,000 needed for the completion of the pedestal had not been entirely subscribed.

It was evident, therefore, that Liberty's standing-place could not be completed in time for the beginning of the erection of the statue before the following spring. Throughout the fall and winter of 1885 and 1886 the building of the huge and monumental pedestal went forward, and early last summer the iron frame for the support of the statue was put up. All persons who during the season journeyed back and forth across the harbor are familiar with the singular spectacle which the great statue presented in its various forms of growth toward completion.

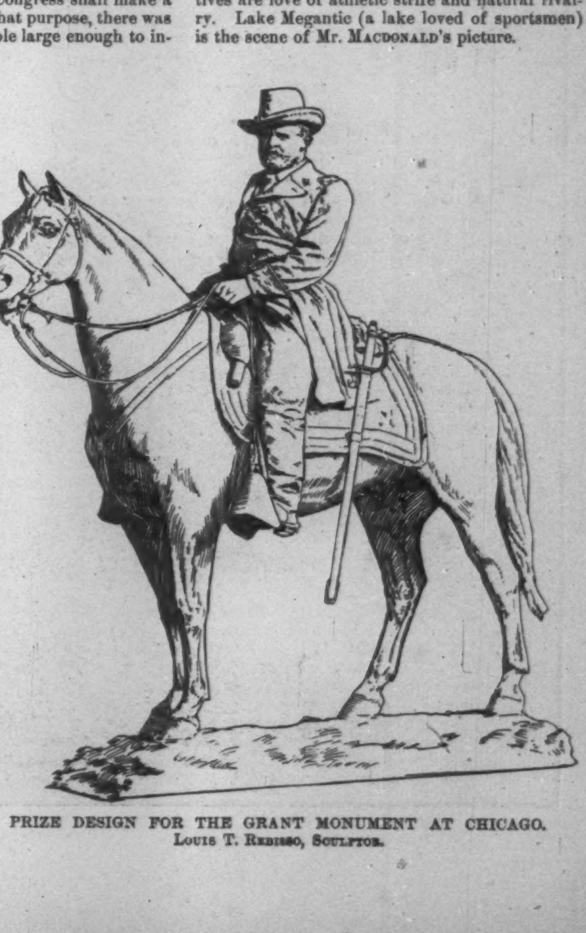
Meantime, even at this early date, preparations for a suitably magnificent dedication of the statue were being made. With considerable reluctance, and after much coaxing, Congress had been induced, just before its adjournment, to appropriate $56,000 to cover the expense of the ceremonies, and although the committee in charge of the statue were obliged to withhold a sufficient portion of this amount to pay for the lighting of the statue until such time as Congress shall make a further appropriation for that purpose, there was nevertheless a fund available large enough to insure a grand and successful ceremonial. The date of the dedication of the statue was fixed for October 28, and an elaborate programme, including a grand naval parade, was arranged. At the last moment President **Cleveland** signified his intention of being present, and a number of eminent Frenchmen, including a no less distinguished person than the Comte de Lesseps, set sail for America on the steamer *La Bretagne*, on the 17th inst., to attend the interesting ceremonies. Major-General **Schofield**, who was appointed by the President to assume charge of the dedication and to disburse the money appropriated by Congress, conferred with General **Charles P. Stone**, the chief engineer of the construction of the pedestal, and with other members of the American committee, on the arrangement of the programme. General **Stone** was made Grand Marshal of the military and civic parade, and the naval parade was placed in charge of Rear-Admiral **Luce**, of the North Atlantic Squadron. Mr. **George William Curtis** was invited to deliver the commemorative address at the unveiling of the statue, but was compelled to decline the honor on account of previous engagements, and Mr. **Chauncey M. Depew** was selected in his stead. Senator **William M. Evarts**, as chairman of the American committee which has had charge of the erection of the pedestal, was selected to deliver the address of presentation. As Grand Marshal of the military and civic parade, General **Stone** several weeks ago issued an appeal to each State and Territory in the Union to be represented at the grand international parade, and the invitation was largely accepted.

More imposing ceremonies than were called for by the programme as arranged could scarcely be desired. They included a magnificent procession down Broadway, and then, after the embarkation of the troops and civic societies on a flotilla of steamers, a grand naval procession down the harbor to Bedlow's Island, the United States steamer *Dispatch*, with the President on board, leading the way, followed by French and American men-of-war, with a multitude of steam-yachts and other craft in their wake, salutes from all the war ships and forts in the harbor, and a superb display of fireworks at night.

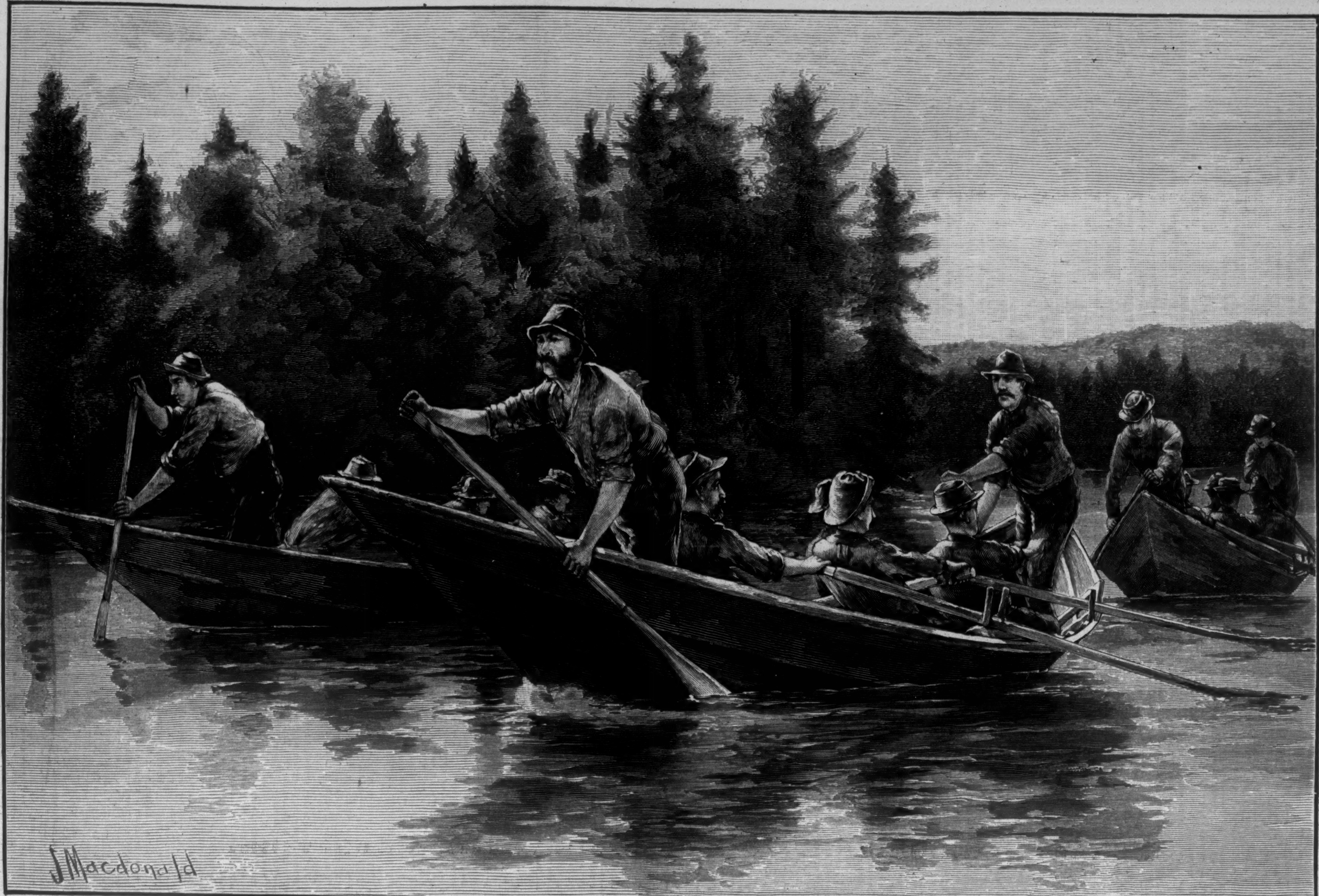
BATEAU RACING.

The bateau of the Canadian lumbermen would hardly win a race against the eight-oared shells on the Thames at Putney and Mortlake or on the Thames at New London; the canoe men at Staten Island would probably consider it a clumsy craft; but it is well fitted for its purposes, and at times it seems speedy and agile in a high degree. Started at the upper end of a stretch of angry rapids, undoubtedly it would have a great advantage over an eight-oared shell in running to the lower end. Perhaps, also, it could beat a long shell in rapidity of turning, although it is not every set of paddlers who can get one of these boats about in the quickest manner possible. Its shallow keel is lowest at the middle, so that the bateau may by good handling be swung around as though it moved on a pivot. Say that the two men who are propelling the bateau wish to turn it as quickly as possible: the man in the bow thrusts his paddle into the water as far out to one side as possible, and makes a sweep in toward himself, while the man in the stern, working upon the same side of the boat, at the same time puts in his paddle close alongside, and using the gunwale as a point of purchase, forces the blade from him, whereupon the bateau spins about much in the manner of a top. In the race represented in Mr. **Macdonald**'s picture only one of the boats engaged went around in this way at the turning-point, the others sweeping around deliberately, and performing a considerable curve, after the usual fashion; so it will be understood that it is not every Canadian boatman who knows all the skilful points of bateau management.

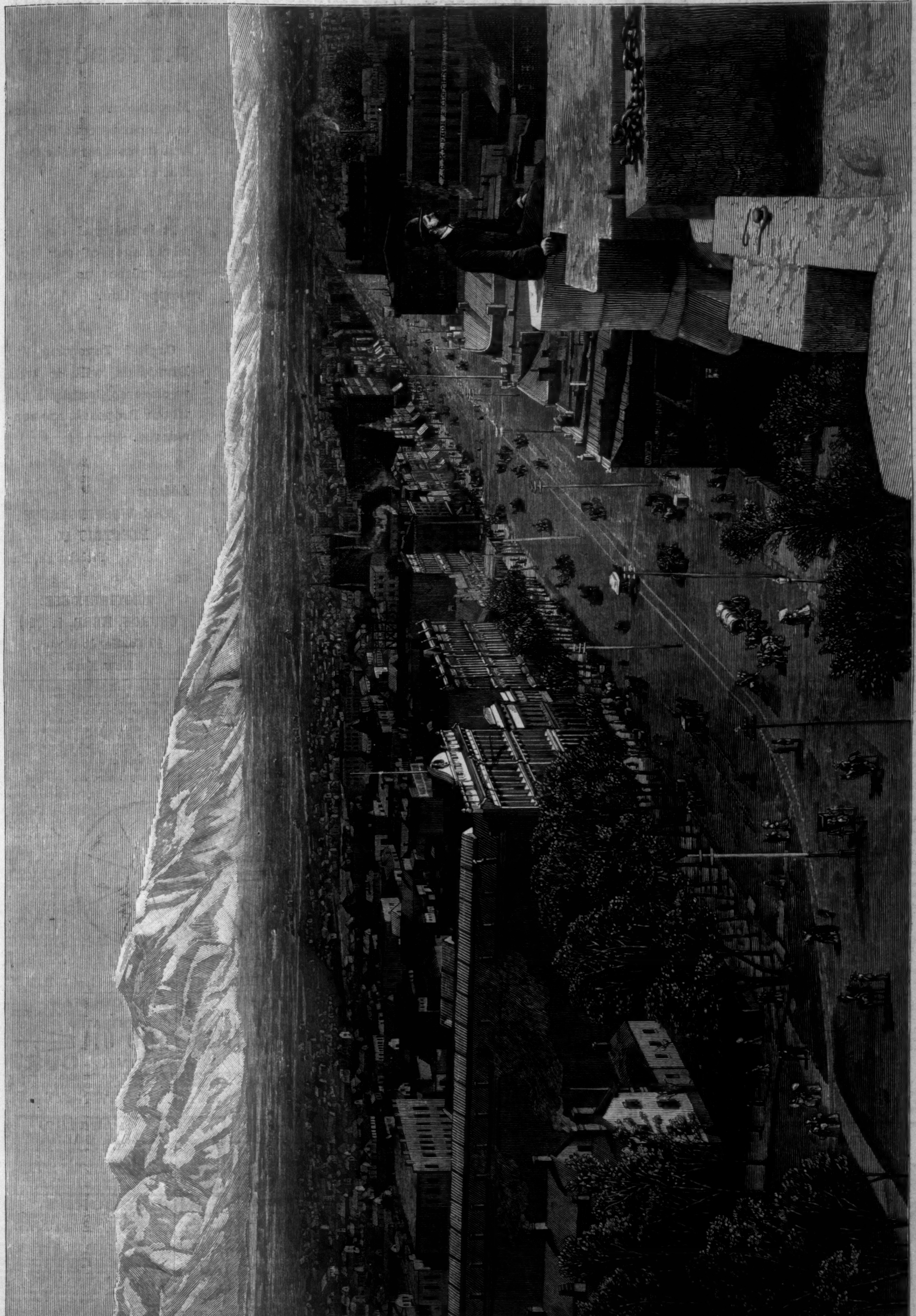
Every fall, as a sort of final jubilation before the ice locks up the waters, the "drivers" engage in races. The drivers are the men who drive the armies of logs down the rivers from the forests in which they have been felled to the centres whence they are transported by ship and rail whithersoever the call comes for them. Their races are very wholesome and picturesque events. The men are brawny and agile, and the skill of some of them in the management of their bateaux is wonderful. The bateau is their boat of work, of course, as well as their boat of pastime. It is the "drive boat" employed in conducting the logs along the streams. The motives are love of athletic strife and natural rivalry. Lake Megantic (a lake loved of sportsmen) is the scene of Mr. **Macdonald**'s picture.



PRIZE DESIGN FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.
Louis T. Rebisso, Sculptor.


J Macdonald

A BATEAU RACE.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 703.]



SALT LAKE CITY.—From a Photograph by F. J. Monsen & Co., Salt Lake City.—[See Page 706.]

SALT LAKE CITY.

LONG after civilization, helped forward somewhat by the EDMUNDS anti-polygamy act, shall have overthrown the Mormon hierarchy, and after Mormonism shall have been forgotten, the Mormon capital will perpetuate the fame of BRIGHAM YOUNG, and be proof of his great qualities as a pioneer and the builder of a city. Indeed, it was by building Salt Lake City that he gave the Mormon Church both the inspiration and its machinery for resisting civilization as stubbornly as it has. The City of the Saints has a history that has been written and read in every civilized tongue; it attained commercial importance even before its founder died, and it is one of the most beautiful of all modernly built cities. For its romance (and its founding was decidedly romantic, unless the Mormon point of view be taken, and it be called the result of an inspiration), for its commerce, and for the selection of so fine a site and for its laying out, we are indebted to BRIGHAM YOUNG. When the band of "Saints" were driven from Missouri they began their long march westward without definite purpose. But when in their journey across the great American desert their leader came to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, which is hemmed in on every side but one by high mountain ranges, he recognized in the alkali plain the proper site for a great city. He was "inspired" to build it, and he went about it with a vigor and a comprehension of the art of building a city which go far toward justifying his claim to a superhuman suggestion. Having irrigated the land and proved its fertility, he laid out the town precisely as it has been built. On a commanding position he set the Tabernacle with its oval roof. Near by was the Tithing-house, and nearer still the walls of the beautiful Temple have since been reared on the site selected by him. The "Beehive," which is the row of adobe houses where his numerous family resided, is but one block away. And round about all this he built a wall, lest indolence should give time for discontent, and in order to carry out the parallel to Biblical town-building.

The streets were made wide, so that the holy city should not lack attractiveness, and down every street a mountain stream was turned, which constituted an ideal surface system of waterworks and drainage. As the bishops and apostles became thrifty—and thrift is the prime virtue of the "Saints"—they erected finer adobe residences, and later wooden ones of pretentions to architectural beauty on the hill-sides at the base of the mountains. Through the yard of every one a mountain stream runs, which makes its way into a surface sewer, thence into the Jordan River, and thence into the Great Salt Lake itself. Within sight of perpetual snow, the flower yards of the Saints bloom early in spring, and keep their freshness till the late-coming frost in this rainless atmosphere. The air is as dry and wholesome as the air of Colorado, and nature does its own sanitary plumbing. Pavements have been laid now, of course, and magnificent drives lead out of the city. Residences of the rich have been built alike in the Mormon and in the Gentile section, large mercantile establishments have taken the place of adobe huts; but the wisdom with which the city was laid out has become plainer with every improvement.

The street whereon the "Beehive" was built was planned for the fine official residence of the President of the Church, which has been completed more recently, and the square that was set aside for the Tabernacle is large enough to hold the new Temple also. There is nothing lacking in site or plan to make the city a religious capital. And all that appeals to the religious zeal of the Mormons has appealed to the appreciation of the Gentiles. It appeals to the admiration also of all visitors. There are no hills nor hollows in the city proper, except where its outskirts have begun to extend up the slope of the mountains, which not much further backward becomes inaccessible. It is on one of these slopes that the founder of the city is buried, and around his grave is a plain iron fence. From this eminence a view is commanded of the whole city. It is extending year by year further over the valley, but there is not yet a single narrow street, not a house wherein the sunlight cannot find its way, nor one whereby a stream does not run, and from which perpetual snow is not visible.

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AS A BRAIN FOOD.

DR. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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For a number of months I was troubled with Costiveness, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light. I was entirely

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three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

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I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

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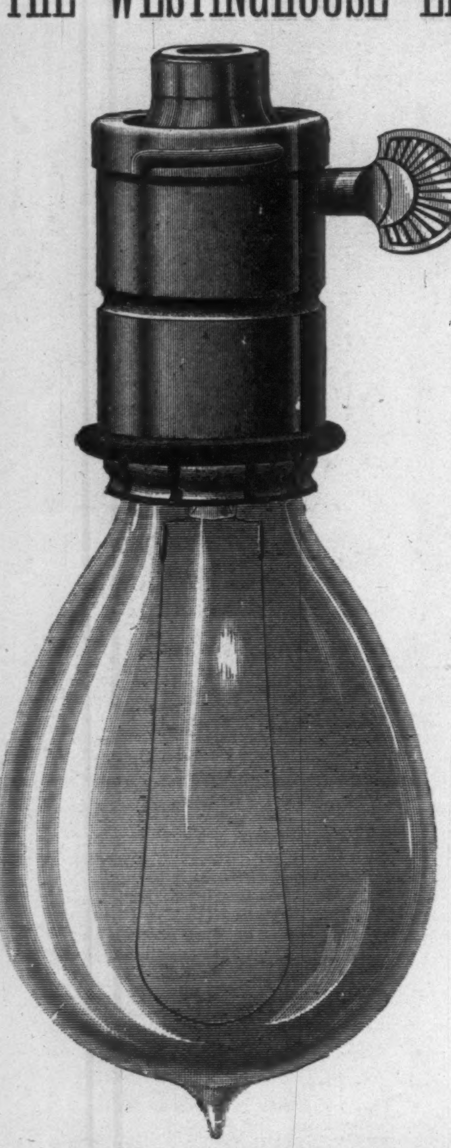

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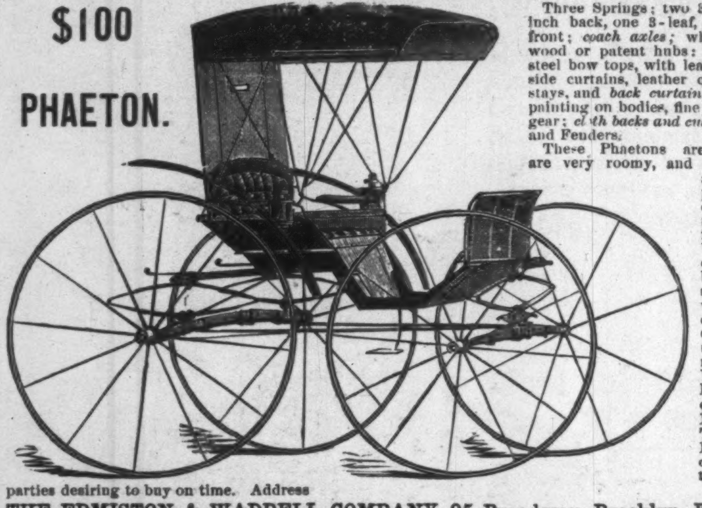

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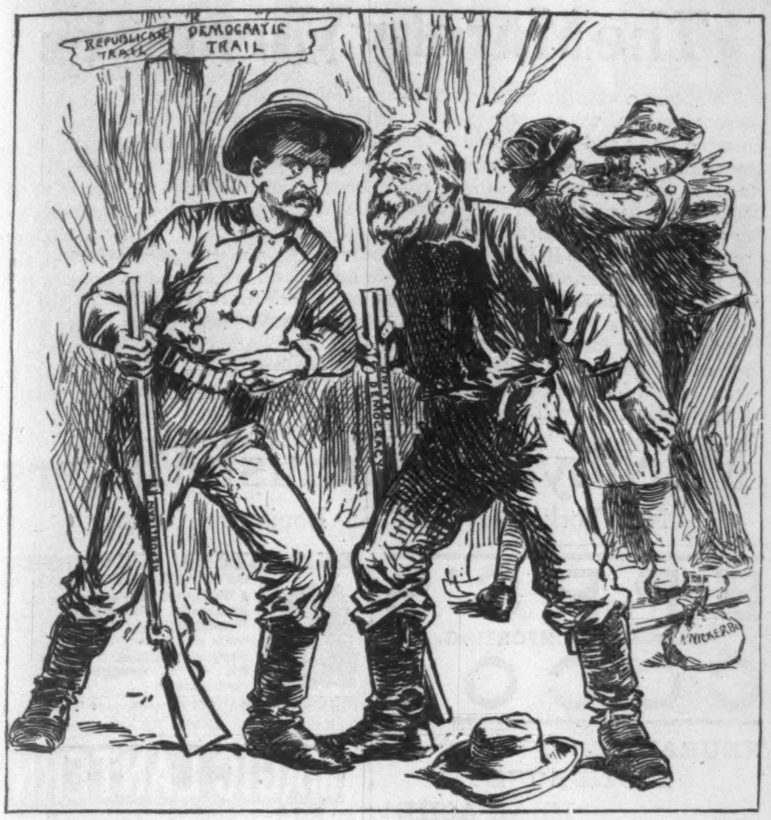
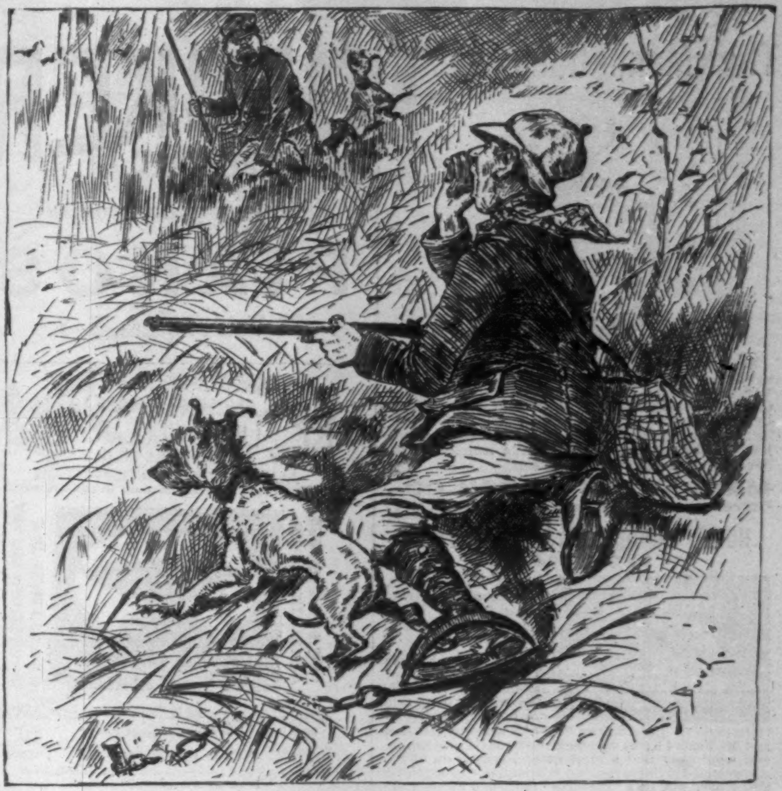


THE RIVAL GUIDES.

A worthy old gentleman of Manhattan City, accustomed to take to the woods every other November, was accosted by two experienced guides, each bent on taking him a different path. They were so enthusiastic over their routes that while belaboring one another with arguments, an incompetent guide sprang from the brush, and seizing the old gentleman by the throat, attempted to drag him into a very dangerous by-way much frequented by lawless men, when——

MORAL.—*There can be no moral to this until the freebooter is taken from the scene.*



THE SHOOTING SEASON.

JONES. "Hullo! Smithy, come over and help a feller; we're caught in one o' those infernal traps!"

SMITHY. "Can't! So are we!"

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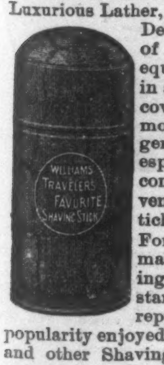

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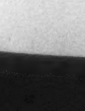

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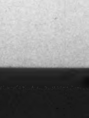

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A DEATH SENTENCE.

Some time ago Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., was attacked with hemorrhage of the kidneys and bladder. In spite of all his physician could do the hemorrhage continued ten days. He grew rapidly worse when two of the most eminent surgeons of Albany were called in consultation. Mr. Hoag had often said to his medical attendants,

"There is Stone in the Bladder."

"No," they exclaimed, "there is no stone," but both physicians agreed in saying "There is no hope for you." It was a death sentence. "With the loss of hope my mind sank into a pitiable condition. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Hope again sprang up within me, and I resolved, if spared long enough to make the experiment, to give

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

the same chance to help me as I had already given the physicians. I took the medicine four days and saw a change for the better, and in six weeks from the hour this great life-saver first passed my lips I walked a distance of one hundred rods. I visited Dr. Kennedy, at his office in Rondout, N. Y. After a careful examination he confirmed my opinion. There had been a stone and the medicine had disintegrated and

DELIVERED ME FROM IT.

I am now well. One thing I am sure of, and I say it both as a warning and as a word of cheer at the same time: If I had not taken Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod."

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